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Thomas Paine

THOMAS PAINÉ,

THE APOSTLE

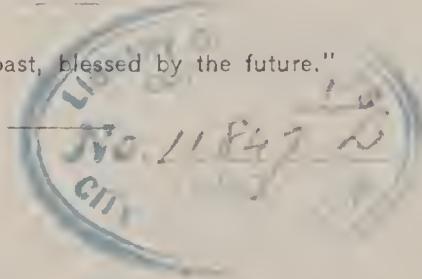
OF

Religious and Political Liberty.

BY

JOHN E. REMSBURG.

"Cursed by the past, blessed by the future."



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IN MEMORY OF
GILBERT VALE,
THE BRILLIANT JOURNALIST, LONG SINCE DEPARTED;

TO
HORACE SEAVER,
THE VETERAN FREETHOUGHT EDITOR;

AND TO
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,
THE DEMOSTHENES OF AMERICA,

MEN WHO HAVE DEVOTED THE BEST POWERS OF THEIR GENIUS
TO RESCUING FROM OBLIVION
THE FAIR FAME OF NATURE'S GREAT NOBLEMAN,

THOMAS PAINÉ,
THIS LITTLE WORK IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

“Republics are ungrateful,” is a maxim old almost as the republican idea itself, and the treatment that Thomas Paine has received at the hands of a people who, enjoying the freedom and boasting of the grandeur of this great Republic, teach their children to loathe his memory — the memory of him whose magic pen called it into being — is additional evidence of its truthfulness.

It can be said in palliation of this ingratitude on the part of the great mass of the American people, however, that it results from a lack of information regarding Paine’s life. They have not been permitted to know the facts connected with his history. His true character has been studiously kept from public view. Those who have feared his influence have assumed a sort of censorship over all that has been written pertaining to him, condemning and suppress-

ing as far as possible everything favorable to him, and approving and zealously aiding in the dissemination of everything derogatory to his reputation. By this means his noble qualities of soul have been dwarfed into infinitesimal atoms of virtue, while his faults have been magnified until they rise before us a towering Chimborazo of vice and crime.

Take up almost any popular history of the day, and you will find his services to our country either entirely ignored, or disposed of in a brief paragraph or a marginal note,—not because the writer is ignorant of Paine's true place in history, nor yet from a desire to wrong the man, but because he well knows that any attempt to render him full credit will detract from the popularity of his work,—a sacrifice he is not prepared to make.

I am free to confess that I have no admiration for the “Tom Paine” so often portrayed to us. There is nothing in the character to admire. But it should be remembered that this character is purely fictitious,—that it never existed outside the realms of imagination. It is a creation of Bigotry, produced in self-defence. With the “Tom Paine” of fiction I have nothing to do: it is with the Thomas Paine of history that I propose to deal.

In the investigation of this subject I have exam-

ined as far as possible everything bearing upon the life of Paine. I have endeavored to judge impartially, alike the claims of his adherents and the charges of his opponents; and in rejecting some of the former, and most of the latter, I have been guided solely by a desire to establish the truth. Whatever verdict the public may pass upon this work, it cannot, I am sure, question the motives that prompted its conclusion. My task is at most a thankless one. He, who alone might thank me for my labors, is in his grave, unconscious of my humble effort in vindication of his memory.

J. E. R.

ATCHISON, KAN., Jan. 29, 1879.

THOMAS PAINÉ.

PART I.

LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH — EARLY HISTORY — EMIGRATION TO AMERICA — SERVICES IN THE CAUSE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

“ When first with awful front to crush her foes,
All bright in glittering arms, Columbia rose,
From thee our sons the generous mandate took,
As if from Heaven some oracle had spoke;
And when thy pen revealed the grand design,
’Twas done, — Columbia’s liberty was thine.”

IT is the fate of reformers to be doomed to disappointment. Enthusiasts by nature, and fully imbued with the justness and importance of the cause they advocate, they feel that the mere announcement of it should meet with a glad response. They see their fellow-beings bending beneath the weight of some slavish custom that despotism has imposed. With brave and loving hearts they rush to their deliverance, little dreaming that those they wish to save

will spurn the proffered aid, and smite the hand that would unbind their chains. But such is the blindness and ingratitude of man. The apostle of liberty becomes the martyr, and the brow that merits the laurel wreath too often wears the crown of thorns. Lafayette died with France a monarchy, and an imbecile on the throne; Kossuth pleaded the cause of his loved Hungary with an eloquence rarely surpassed, but the world was deaf to his appeals; Garibaldi struggled manfully to enhance the liberties of his countrymen, but only to lose his own; Castellar beheld the star of republicanism rise above the horizon in Spain, shine for one brief hour, and then go down in darkness.

But have these heroes lived, and labored, and suffered, all in vain? No, not in vain. Because their efforts were not crowned with immediate and complete success we must not count their lives a failure. The husbandman who sows to-day does not expect to look out upon waving fields of ripening grain to-morrow. He has learned to work and wait. He sows his seed in the autumn; it springs from the earth, and for a time gladdens the eye with its carpet of green. Then come the chilling, freezing blasts of winter; the deep snow falls, and for months it lies buried from sight. But it does not perish. Spring with her genial smiles of melting sunshine comes at last, the snowy mantle fades away, and those tiny blades are soon transformed into the rich, ripe harvest. So with these grand husbandmen of human

liberty. They sowed the seed, it has already germinated, and, though it now lies hid for the most part beneath the snows of monarchy, it will yet appear and cover Europe with its golden harvest.

It is too early yet to form a proper estimate of the labors of Thomas Paine. When the “Rights of Man” shall have developed into the full and perfect flower of universal freedom,—when the “Age of Reason” shall have ripened into the golden harvest of universal mental enfranchisement,—then, and not till then, will his services be valued at their true worth.

I am not a disciple of Thomas Paine; I cannot accept as infallible authority all that he has written; I do not believe, as many of his followers would have us believe, that he represents the end of human progress,—the attainment of human perfection,—not at all. But, while I am not blind to his imperfections, I cannot close my eyes to his real merits, nor can I find words to express my contempt for those who do ignore his truly grand achievements.

To tell the story of this great man’s life; to delineate the leading traits of his character and genius; and to repel the base calumnies that have been heaped against his name,—is my task.

One hundred and forty-two years ago, at Thetford, England, Thomas Paine was born. Upon the first half of his life I need but briefly dwell. He was of humble parentage; his father was a Quaker, his mother a member of the Church of England. The years of his boyhood were industriously employed,

either at school or in his father's shop. At an early age he left the paternal roof and began alone the battle of life,—serving in the British navy, conducting an academy in London, engaging in mercantile pursuits, and performing the duties of exciseman.

While at London he formed the acquaintance of the learned Franklin, who induced him to cross the ocean and cast his lot with the people of the New World. He came to America near the close of 1774, and assumed editorial charge of a leading magazine of the day. His quick eye soon took in the situation here. He saw a tyrant, whom the world styled king, trampling the fair form of liberty beneath his feet; he saw the people sinking beneath the burden of unjust taxation; he saw them crouching and cringing before the throne, pleading in vain for a redress of wrongs. His generous nature ever prompted him to espouse the cause of the weak and the oppressed, and the condition of the Colonies at this time could not fail to enlist his sympathy and services.

He associated with himself the ablest minds of America, and impressed them with the importance of her total separation from England. One of the early meetings of these patriots has been thus graphically described:—

“Grouped around a table, the glow of the lamp pouring full in their faces, are four persons,—a Boston Lawyer, a Philadelphia Printer, a Philadelphia Doctor, and a Virginia Planter.

“Let us look into the faces of these men. That man with the bold brow and resolute look is one John Adams, from Boston; next to him sits the calm-faced Benjamin Rush; there you see the marked face of the printer, one Benjamin Franklin; and, last of all, your eye rests upon a man distinguished above all others by his height, the noble outlines of his form, and the solemn dignity of his brow. That man is named Washington.

“These men are all members of the *Rebel Congress*. They have met here to talk over the affairs of their country. Their conversation is deep-toned—cautious—hurried. Every man seems afraid to give utterance to the thoughts of his bosom. Bound to England by ties of ancestry, language, religion, the very idea of separation from her seems a blasphemy.

“A visitor is announced. He takes his seat at the table. Look upon his brow, his flashing eye, as in earnest words he pours forth his soul. He goes on; his broad, solid brow warms with fire, his eye flashes the full light of a soul roused into all its life; those deep, earnest tones speak of the **INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA**—her glorious Future—her People, that shall swell into countless millions—her Navy, that shall whiten the uttermost sea—her Destiny, that shall stride on over the wreck of thrones to the Universal Empire of the Western Continent!

“Then, behold! they rise round the table—they press that man by the hand—nay, the Virginia Planter, Washington, grasps both his hands, and, in a voice deepened by emotion, begs him to write these words in a book,—a book that shall be read in all the homes and thundered from all the pulpits of America.”

The book was written. With the firm belief that truth would triumph, Paine marshalled the legions of thought that sprang from his prolific brain, and on the 1st of January, 1776, moved in solid columns against the citadel of tyranny. The shock was irresistible.

“From turret to foundation stone,” the solid masonry gave way, and fell before the fierce assault. Into the breach thus made an eager people rushed, and on the ruins placed the unsullied banner of a new Republic.

That the Fourth of July, 1776, would not have witnessed the Declaration of Independence but for the timely appearance of “Common Sense,” no candid, impartial student of history will for a moment question. Yet many assume that the Colonies were slowly drifting to this goal, and would in time have reached it without the services of Paine. Grant the assumption, and does it detract from his well-earned fame? As well snatch the laurels from the brow of Lincoln because the downfall of slavery was deemed inevitable, as to withhold from the author of “Common Sense” the meed of praise so justly due.

This book first suggested American Independence; in this book appeared for the first time the “Free and Independent States of America”; in this book may be found all the fundamental principles of our government; and, without depreciating the labors of Jefferson, it is but justice to say that the

“Declaration of Independence” is but an epitome of “Common Sense.”

Nor did his efforts end here. He was the inspiring genius of the long war that followed, accompanying the army and sharing its hardships and perils. When Washington’s little army was hurled from Long Island, up the Hudson, and across New Jersey, by the combined forces of Howe and Clinton,—when despondency and gloom filled every heart, and all seemed lost,—Paine came to the rescue with the first number of his “Crisis,” in which were couched those thrilling words, —“These are the times that try men’s souls.”

The pamphlet was read at the head of each regiment, and sent broadcast over the land. The effect was magical: into the dispirited ranks it breathed new life and energy, and in the breasts of the people planted a fixed determination never to give up the struggle. At critical periods throughout the war, number after number of the brave little work appeared, until in the XV. he could triumphantly say, “The times that tried men’s souls are over, and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew is gloriously and happily accomplished.”

Congress showed its appreciation of his labors by appointing him Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and issuing an order that his patriotic works should be read at the head of the armies. Washington, Franklin, and other friends urged him to apply for the remuneration so justly

due him; but, though forced to eat the bread of poverty, he steadily declined asking any compensation for his services. Congress, however, presented him with three thousand dollars, Pennsylvania gave him five hundred pounds, and New York conveyed to him a rich and valuable estate.

CHAPTER II.

HIS CAREER IN EUROPE — RETURN TO AMERICA — DEATH.

“ When France shall lift her banners fair,
And brighter hopes shall dawn once more,
In counting up her jewels rare,
She'll not forget the days of yore.
For when the name of Lafayette
Shall summon others in its train,
There's one she never will forget,—
The ‘author-hero,’ Thomas Paine.”

IN France the people were struggling against a corrupt and oppressive monarchy. Emulating the example of Lafayette, Paine left his adopted America, and enlisted his services in the cause of freedom there.

Tranquillity having been for a brief season restored, he returned to England, where, in reply to Burke's celebrated “Reflections on the French Revolution,” appeared his immortal “Rights of Man.”

The storms of revolution bursting forth afresh, he again repaired to France. A joyous reception awaited his arrival at Calais. As he stepped upon the shore a hundred cannon thundered “Welcome!” People thronged the streets, shouting “*Vive THOMAS PAINÉ!*” Bright flowers fell in showers around him;

fair hands placed in his hat the National Cockade ; and all France was ready to honor her defender. Four departments, Abbeville, Beauvais, Calais, and Versailles, each chose him for its representative. He accepted the honor from Calais, and took his seat in the National Convention.

His abilities were at once recognized in this body, and he was selected as a member of the Committee appointed to draft a new Constitution for France.

Then came the trial of Louis XVI., and the begining of those turbulent scenes which culminated in the "Reign of Terror." A majority of the Convention were clamoring for blood. Paine had been one of the foremost in overthrowing the Monarchy. He believed the king to have been tyrannical,—to have been the pliant tool of a corrupt nobility ; but he did not deem him worthy of death, nor did he believe that the best interests of France would be subserved by such harsh measures. But the terrorists threatened with vengeance all who should dare to oppose them. To plead the cause of the king would be to share his fate. A vote by any member in favor of saving his life would be almost certain to bring an overwhelming vote against that member's own life. What course would Paine pursue ? Would he quietly acquiesce in those infamous proceedings ? He had never yet faltered in his purpose of pursuing what he deemed the right. Would he shrink from danger now ? No ; above the wild storm of that enraged assembly rose the voice of that brave man, in power-

ful, eloquent appeals in behalf of mercy. In the language of Madame de Stael, “Thomas Paine alone proposed what would have done honor to France.” But his defence was in vain. Amid the insults and execrations of a frenzied mob, the unhappy Louis was hurried to the scaffold.

The Jacobins, now in the ascendency, resolved to exercise their power to the utmost in crushing out every vestige of opposition, by destroying not only those who were opposed to a republic, but those who were opposed to their particular plans of establishing a republic. The Girondists, who alone would have proved the true saviors of France, were first expelled from the Convention, then dragged to prison and to the guillotine.

Paine was thrown into prison. His alleged crime was having been born an Englishman; his real crime was the advocacy of mercy. Soon after his arrest the Americans residing in Paris appeared in a body before the Convention, and presented the following address: —

“Citizens! The French nation had invited the most illustrious of all foreign nations to the honor of representing her. Thomas Paine, the apostle of liberty in America, a profound and valuable philosopher, a virtuous and esteemed citizen, came to France and took a seat among you. Particular circumstances rendered necessary the decree to put under arrest all the English residing in France.

“Citizens! Representatives! We come to demand of

you Thomas Paine, in the name of the friends of liberty, and in the name of the Americans, your brothers and allies. Were there anything more wanted to obtain our demand, we would tell you. Do not give to the leagued despots the pleasure of seeing Paine in irons. We shall inform you that the seals put upon the papers of Thomas Paine have been taken off; that the Committee of General Safety examined them, and, far from finding among them any dangerous propositions, they only found the love of liberty which characterized him all his lifetime, that eloquence of nature and philosophy which made him the friend of mankind, and those principles of public morality which merited the hatred of kings and the affections of his fellow-citizens."

The friends of Paine, however, were unable to procure his release, and he calmly awaited his fate. Sentence of death was finally pronounced against him; his death warrant was signed, and the fatal mark placed upon his door. But the officer, whose duty it was to mark with chalk the doors of the doomed prisoners, unwittingly placed the mark upon Paine's door as it stood open. When the guards gathered up the victims for execution, his door was closed, the mark was inside, and he was missed. Soon after, and before the mistake was discovered, the bloody Robespierre was overthrown, and his own neck received the blow intended for Paine. The fall of Robespierre stemmed the crimson torrent and secured for Paine his liberation. The strange incidents connected with this event are thus related by himself:—

“ I was one of the nine members that composed the first Committee of Constitution. Six of them have been destroyed. Sieyes and myself have survived, — he by bending with the times, and I by not bending. The other survivor joined Robespierre, and signed with him the warrant of my arrestation. After the fall of Robespierre, he was seized and imprisoned in his turn, and sentenced to transportation.

“ Herault Sechelles, an acquaintance of Mr. Jefferson and a good patriot, was my suppliant as member of the Committee of Constitution ; that is, he was to supply my place if I had not accepted or had resigned, being next in number of votes to me. He was imprisoned in the Luxembourg with me, was taken to the tribunal and the guillotine, and I, his principal, was left.

“ There were but two foreigners in the Convention, — Anacharsis Cloots and myself. We were both put out of the Convention by the same vote, arrested by the same order, and carried to prison together the same night. He was taken to the guillotine, and I was again left.

“ Joseph Lebon, one of the vilest characters that ever existed, and who made the streets of Arras run with blood, was my suppliant as member of the Convention for the department of the Pais de Calais. When I was put out of the Convention he came and took my place. When I was liberated from prison, and voted again into the Convention, he was sent to the same prison and took my place there, and he went to the guillotine instead of me. He supplied my place all the way through.

“ One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and a hundred and sixty guillotined the next day, of which I know I was to have been one.

“During the whole of my imprisonment, prior to the fall of Robespierre, there was no time when I could think my life worth twenty-four hours, and my mind was made up to meet its fate.”

Had Paine been more orthodox in his religious views, his remarkable escape would doubtless be cited as a striking example of Divine intervention. Had the production of Butler’s “Analogy,” Paley’s “Evidences,” or Watson’s “Apology” been attended by circumstances similar to those which attended the production of the “Age of Reason,” a large portion of which was written during his confinement and immediately after his release, great would be the significance attached to them. As it is, however, they are to be considered entirely fortuitous.

The imprisonment of Paine had lasted for nearly a year. It was a year fraught with deeds dark and terrible. That memorable period, beginning with the expulsion of the Girondists in June, '93, and ending with the downfall of the Jacobins in July, '94, stands without a parallel in the annals of modern history.

Let us contemplate for a moment this bloody and protracted drama. Let us in imagination visit that gloomy Paris. Let us wander through her dreary prisons, filled with beings of every age, sex, and rank, — gray-haired men, who look with stolid indifference upon the scenes around them; youth, pale with fear and trembling; heroic types of manhood, pacing to and fro with all the bearing of

conquerors; frail women, whose swollen eyes — those tear-stained windows of the soul — faintly reveal the fearful agony within.

The scene is changed. It is midnight, yet all is bustle and confusion — an eager crowd is gathering — the death tumbril goes rumbling by toward the Place de Revolution — the groans of men, the shrieks of women, rend the air, and throw a shade of deepest sadness over all.

Daylight dawns, and again the scene shifts. The bustle is over now — the crowd have dispersed — those shrieks and groans are hushed ; but that huge pile of headless trunks — those pools of blood — that blood-stained instrument, to whose edge still cling the straggling hairs of its victims, the golden threads of youth mingled with the silver hairs of age, — all these tell of the frightful tragedy enacted here.

And thus, day after day, week after week, month after month, the “carnival of death” goes on. Beauharnois, Malesherbes, Bailli, and thousands more of the best men of France, are butchered ; Roland, Condorcet, and others perish by their own hands ; Talleyrand is a refugee in America ; and Lafayette pines in the dungeon vaults of Austria. Many noble women, too, are sacrificed. Marie Antoinette follows her Louis to the scaffold. Within the walls of the Luxembourg, where the author-hero lies in hourly expectation of death, are held captive two of the purest and noblest women that ever trod the earth, — the lovely and amiable Josephine Beauhar-

nois, destined to become the guiding-star of Napoleon and Empress of France ; and the beautiful and gifted Madame Roland, whose innocent blood must wet the cruel knife of the guillotine.

Such was the French Revolution, — “a mighty truth clad in hell-fire,” — the bloodiest and yet the brightest page in the history of France. It might have been a bloodless one, it might have been a brighter one, had the wise and moderate counsels of Thomas Paine prevailed.

Upon Paine’s release, Washington’s Minister, the generous Monroe, greeted him with outstretched arms and tendered to him the hospitalities of his home. The National Convention invited him to resume his seat in that body ; and, to show that he harbored no revengeful feelings for the ill-treatment he had received, he accepted the invitation, and renewed his labors in behalf of France.

It was about this time that the transcendent genius of Napoleon Bonaparte dazzled Europe with the first of its splendid achievements, and by common consent began to control the destinies of France. For the talents of Paine, Napoleon entertained the profoundest respect, and gladly sought his correspondence and advice. As a proof of this esteem, and proof that Paine did not compromise his republican principles to secure it, I need only cite the fact that when the great Frenchman had matured his plans for the conquest of Great Britain, he selected Paine to prepare a popular system of government for that island.

Those who have studied the character of Napoleon have doubtless been struck by the strange admixture of two great opposing elements in his nature: a wild ambition on the one hand ever impelling him onward, and tempting him to sacrifice every principle of honor for the furtherance of his mad designs; on the other hand, a disposition to fully recognize the rights of his people, even of his humblest subjects,—an expression of genuine sympathy for their misfortunes, and a manifestation of hearty satisfaction at their prosperity. The former wrought his ruin, the latter made him the idol of France. During his reign the French enjoyed a degree of happiness before unknown. That Paine was largely instrumental in securing this recognition of popular liberty, cannot be doubted. When we remember the grand principles of truth, of justice, and of human rights enunciated in his “Rights of Man”; when we remember that this work was the recipient of Napoleon’s unbounded admiration, that during all the earlier part of his career it was his constant companion,—it is easy methinks to discern the fountain from which he imbibed those principles of civil liberty that formed the bright and better side of his character.

At length, bowed with the weight of nearly sixty-six years, and tired of the perpetual turmoil of political life, Paine signified his intention of returning to America. President Jefferson sent a national ship to convey him home. He arrived at Baltimore in the autumn of 1802, and from New Hampshire to

Georgia went up the shout of patriot and the curse of priest. After visiting Washington, paying his respects to the leading members of the Government, and declining one of the highest offices in the power of the President to bestow, he retired to his home at New Rochelle. Here and in New York the few remaining years of his life were passed.

To the everlasting shame of America it must be said that the evening of his life was sadly embittered by her ingratitude. The priests were powerful then, and all their power was used to poison and prejudice the public mind against him. They could not refute his writings, and, to use his own words, "When they found themselves unable to answer my arguments, they assailed my character." Of his friends, a few like Monroe and Jefferson remained faithful to the end; but many treated him with a cold indifference, which to his gentle, sensitive nature was doubly cruel.

But death in mercy finally brought relief and rest to the weary, persecuted sage. In the "New York Advertiser" of June 9, 1809, appeared the following announcement: —

• THOMAS PAINE.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share."

"With heartfelt sorrow and poignant regret, we are compelled to announce to the world that Thomas Paine is no more. This distinguished philanthropist, whose

life was devoted to the cause of humanity, departed this life yesterday morning ; and, if any man's memory deserved a place in the breast of a freeman, it is that of the deceased, for,

“ ‘Take him for all in all,
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.’ ”

Yes, death came ; but with it came no vain regrets. No banished Hagar with famishing infant haunted *him* ; from twenty thousand blackened Midian homes came no phantoms to strike *his* soul with terror ; no Uriah’s ghost stood before *his* bedside and would not down ; the hand that with no weapon but the pen had liberated millions, and made priests and monarchs tremble, now growing cold and pallid, was not stained with the blood of a wife or child ; no agonizing shrieks of a burning Servetus rang in *his* dying ears ; but bravely and composedly, with that serenity of soul which only the consciousness of a well-spent life can give, the grand old hero passed away.

Seventy-two times had he seen the winter reappear with its robes of snow ; seventy times have the snowy robes of Winter since clothed his grave. Robes emblematical ; how white, how cold ! And yet not whiter than the patriot’s soul, nor colder than his country’s charity.

In the cause of man the battle of his life was fought,—a fierce and stormy conflict. And, as the night of death closed over the eventful struggle, from her cursed abode the grim figure of Bigotry stalked forth, and with demoniac peals of laughter

danced around his prostrate form, rejoicing that her deadliest foe was gone, and hopeful that she might regain the power his once-strong arm had wrested from her. And she triumphed !

“Triumphed? Baseness triumphs for the hour;
But in truth lies a reserving power,
Prejudice, ingratitude to brave :
Though a while it undergo declension,
From the grave it rises to ascension,
As the sun emerges from the wave.”

PART II.

CHARACTER AND WORKS.



CHAPTER III.

SOCIAL QUALITIES — MORAL ATTRIBUTES — LITERARY AND OTHER WORKS.

“ Not for renown, nor yet for gold,
Did Paine assail Earth’s idols old ;
But wealth and fame, in age and youth,
He gave to Freedom and to Truth.”

IN person, Paine was of medium height, having a frank, open countenance, and a handsome, penetrating eye. Lee and Adams used to speak of him as “the man with genius in his eyes.” He was one of the most genial and companionable of men; of pleasing address and agreeable manners; the greatest wit of his age; profoundly learned in all of the most useful branches of learning, his acquired knowledge based upon a substratum of sound, practical sense; and, possessing conversational powers of the highest order, he was always surrounded by a

select class of the greatest culture and refinement. In anticipation of a London literary dinner, Horne Tooke was wont to remark that "the best thing would be said by Mr. Paine." And at a levee given by the English author, Clio Rickman, in Paris, he is thus referred to: "For above four hours he kept every one in astonishment and admiration of his memory, and his keen observation of men and manners. . . . His remarks on genius and taste can never be forgotten."

But it is not from a contemplation of these social qualities, so much as from a study of the great moral attributes of his character, that we are enabled to discern the true greatness of this remarkable man. Among the many noble traits united in his moral nature, charity, generosity, patriotism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, and moral courage stand out in bold relief.

His charity was boundless. The poet-statesman, Joel Barlow, who was intimately acquainted with him, not only in America but in both London and Paris, states that "he was always charitable to the poor beyond his means."

His generosity was almost unexampled. "Generous to a fault" was the verdict of those who knew him. While he did not hesitate to puncture the philosophy which teaches man to love his enemies, he was yet too magnanimous not to do good to those who hated him. An incident which occurred during his career as a member of the French Convention

illustrates well his magnanimity of soul. A party were dining at a public house in Paris. The conversation turned on the English Constitution; and Paine, with his usual frankness, was not slow in pointing out what he considered its defects, and showing up the corruption of the existing government. An English officer had in the meantime intruded himself into the company, and, doubtless feeling that the weight of the whole British Government rested upon his shoulders, assailed the gray-haired representative with a storm of abusive epithets. The good-natured yet independent manner in which Paine received this abuse only increased the rage of the Englishman, who, walking up to him, struck him a violent blow with his cane. An excited crowd immediately rushed upon the scene of the brutal assault, and, but for the interference of Paine, would have killed the cowardly ruffian on the spot. He was hurried to prison, however, to await his trial. To strike a Member of the National Convention was, by the laws of France, a crime the punishment of which was death. The high character of Paine, together with his extreme age, rendered this unprovoked attack an offence peculiarly atrocious, and it seemed impossible for anything to save the culprit from suffering the law's full penalty. There was one man in Paris, however, who interested himself in the prisoner's behalf, and, by untiring efforts and great inconvenience to himself, finally succeeded in obtaining his release. The Englishman

was rejoiced at being restored to his liberty, and overcome with astonishment when he learned that his deliverer was the man whom he had so shamefully outraged. Nor did his magnanimous liberator's generosity end here. He was in a strange land, without friends, and destitute of money. To provide for his immediate wants, and to pay his passage to England, Paine generously supplied him with funds from his own purse.

The patriotism of Paine was never questioned. Many have won the name of patriot whose services to their country have been inspired by mere selfish motives; but with him, fame, wealth, comfort, all were sacrificed for his country's welfare. Throughout that eight years' struggle, his life, his time, his talents, all were at her service. And, whether serving as aid-de-camp to Gen. Greene in that terrible campaign of '76; filling with distinguished ability the important post of Secretary of Foreign Affairs; with Laurens, at the French Court, negotiating loans for his government; or cheering the despondent, and nerving them up to deeds of valor by the utterance of brave words,—words such as never fell from the lips or flowed from the pen of man before,—he was at all times, and in every situation, the same modest, magnanimous, unflinching patriot.

His philanthropy was bounded only by the limits of the world he lived in. The Caucasian, the Mongolian, the African, and the Indian, all to him were brothers.

In his sublime disinterestedness, too, he stands almost alone. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle he was a poor author, lacking at times even the bare necessities of life. But he had the opportunity of becoming rich. The enormous sale of "Common Sense" would of itself have realized for him a handsome competence. But what did he do? Did he appropriate to himself the profits to which he was justly entitled? No: he presented to each of the thirteen colonies the copyright, and came out indebted to his printer. The same unselfish spirit that marked the publication of "Common Sense" was displayed throughout all his subsequent career as an author. When the "Rights of Man" was ready for the press, he refused five thousand dollars for the copyright, and then gave it to the world. The combined circulation of his four principal works, up to the time of his death, aggregated nearly *five hundred thousand copies*. What a fortune was here, and how nobly, how cheerfully, was it given up to benefit mankind! I must not omit to mention another example of his patriotic disinterestedness. At a critical period during the War for Independence, when Congress was almost hopelessly embarrassed for want of funds, he started a subscription for its relief, heading it with five hundred dollars, all he had in the world. Through his exertions three hundred thousand pounds were raised, and Congress enabled to prosecute its work.

Moral courage was another conspicuous feature

in this great man's character,—not that courage which plunges its possessor headlong into danger, but that calm fortitude which carries him serenely on wherever duty leads. His espousal of the cause of Separation and Independence—a cause which no other man in America had up to that time dared to espouse—shows a lofty heroism; his attack upon monarchy in the very capital of England itself, knowing as he must have known that every effort would be made by the Government to crush both him and his book, was a grand exhibition of moral bravery; while the publication of his “Age of Reason” was in many respects a more courageous act than either. But it was in his heroic defence of Louis XVI. that his moral courage shone with all the lustre of the noonday sun. Search all the annals of the past, and say if on the historian's page is found one act, one single act, surpassing in moral sublimity that of Thomas Paine's bravely accepting a prison and death to save a fallen foe!

In the expression of his religious opinions, no man has been more frank or explicit than Paine, and no man's religious opinions have been more grossly misrepresented. What was his belief?

“I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

“I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy.

“The world is my country, to do good my religion.”

This was his creed, and to this creed he faithfully adhered to the last moment of his life. As to the merits of this religious belief, whether it be true or false, good or bad, is not for me to determine. I may say, however, and that without fear of refutation, that not one of his maligners has ever given evidence of possessing a better.

As a writer, Paine has few superiors in our language. His style unites in a remarkable degree a marvellous simplicity, a rare beauty and delicacy of thought, an exquisite rhetorical finish, and a force of logic that carries conviction with every sentence. “What I write is pure nature, and my pen and my soul have ever gone together.” This was the one great secret of his success.

It is upon his four works already named that his fame as an author most securely rests. In another place, more space will be given to a consideration of these masterly productions. In addition to these, he wrote several other works on theology and civil government, among which may be named “An Essay on Dreams,” “Examination of the Prophecies,” “Letter to Camille Jordan,” “Dissertation on First Principles of Government,” and “Agrarian Justice,” all of which possess rare merit.

But, had his great political and theological works never appeared, he would still be entitled to a grateful remembrance. As a poet,

“He knew himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.”

His poem on the “Death of General Wolfe” has been pronounced one of the most beautiful productions of the sort in the English language. Another writer says that “nothing could be more beautiful than either Paine’s poetry or prose.” As a specimen of his poetical composition, I here insert his

LINES TO LADY SMITH.

In the regions of clouds where the whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes, in its beantiful state,
Enamelled the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clonds can create
Supplied me with gardens and gronnd.

I had grottos and fountains and orange-tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet, shady walks for the gods and their loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and rolled
While wrapt in a slumber I lay;
And when I looked ont in the morning, behold!
My castle was carried away.

It passed over rivers and valleys and groves;
The world it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That nature in silence had made:
The place was bnt small; but 'twas sweetly serene,
And checkered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful good-will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air,
When all of a sudden my castle stood still,
As if some attraction were there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view,
When whom should I meet in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness, but you!

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain;
And, the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my castle again.

His contributions to hygienic science were valuable. In naval affairs and engineering he made important suggestions, while in finances he was recognized as an able authority. It may be mentioned, too, that he was the first paid editor in America, and thus the founder of this profession as distinct from publisher.

In mechanics, Paine's name occupies a prominent place. He was the inventor of the iron bridge; and the magnificent structures that now span nearly every stream of Europe and America stand as so many monuments to his mechanical genius. This invention secured for him a favorable recognition by the French Academy of Science, and received at once the unqualified approval of many of the most distinguished men of France and England. For the models of his bridge he was offered three thousand pounds. The planing-machine, too, was invented by him; and to him must also be ascribed the credit of having been the first to propose that wonderful creation of the present age,—the steamboat. To his thoughts upon this subject, published in 1778, is doubtless largely due the final success of Fulton in 1807.

I cannot close this part of my subject without noticing another event with which Paine's name is intimately associated. I refer to the abolition of slavery in the United States. To him more than to any other man belongs the honor of inaugurating the anti-slavery crusade. He was its first bold advocate, — the first man on this continent who dared to write, "Man has no property in man." And though he did not live to see his country admit the full equality of man, the cause did not die with him. The same year that witnessed his death witnessed the birth of him who was to complete the work. Paine and Lincoln! Among the world's great benefactors these men stand proudly forward. Both were of humble origin, both self-made men. Both were distinguished advocates of human freedom, prompted by the most unselfish motives and the loftiest philanthropic principles. Both felt the ruthless hand of the assassin: the one was cruelly robbed of his life; the other as cruelly robbed of what to him was dearer than life, — his honor. Both were unbelievers in the narrow creeds of their day, but glorious apostles of that diviner faith, the religion of humanity: —

"THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY, TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION."

"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL."

Grand thoughts! Let them be engraved together on the tablets of our hearts, and let not prejudice separate in our affections the immortal names of those who uttered them!

CHAPTER IV.

“COMMON SENSE”—“AMERICAN CRISIS”—“RIGHTS OF MAN”—“AGE OF REASON.”

“Brave ‘Common Sense’ the cause of liberty proclaimed,
The ‘Crisis’ won for us the boon that volume named;
The ‘Rights of Man’ to tyranny its death-knell gave,
The ‘Age of Reason’ made for bigotry its grave.”

BEFORE me lie the four great works of Thomas Paine. You who have never read them may believe that they contain much that is bad; you may imagine that a deadly serpent lurks within them. Let me assure you that there is nothing in these works that can harm you. The cold, slimy touch of the serpent is not here. The highest moral tone pervades these pages. They are full of charity, they glow with patriotism, they are warm with love. Even now, within their lids methinks I feel the beating of the generous heart of him who penned them,—every throb pregnant with the highest, holiest aspirations for the good of man.

His works are his monument, and, were they universally known, futile would be the cavillings of his enemies, needless the eulogies of his friends.

To enable the reader to form a faint conception of the style and character of Paine's writings, I introduce a few selections from his leading works. And first I quote from "Common Sense":—

"The birthday of a new world is at hand; and a race of men, perhaps as numerous as all Europe contains, are to receive their portion of freedom from the events of a few months."

"The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent,—of at least one-eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected, even to the end of time, by the proceedings now."

"I am not induced by motives of pride, party, or resentment to espouse the doctrine of separation and independence; I am clearly, positively, and conscientiously persuaded that it is the true interest of this continent to be so."

"In no instance hath Nature made the satellite larger than its primary planet; and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverse the common order of Nature, it is evident that they belong to different systems,—England to Europe, America to itself."

"'But Britain is the parent country,' say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not

devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families."

"The independence of America should have been considered as dating its era from, and published by, the first musket that was fired against her."

"Everything that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'Tis time to part."

"Oh, ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

Laying aside the tiny volume, "Common Sense," I next take up his more elaborate "Crisis":—

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph."

"A generous parent should say, 'If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.'"

“ The heart that feels not now is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.”

“ He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defence of reason rebels against tyranny, has a better title to ‘Defender of the Faith’ than George the Third.”

“ To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason, and whose philosophy consists in holding humanity in contempt, is like administering medicine to the dead.”

“ The poor reflection of having served your king will yield you no consolation in your parting moments. He will crumble to the same undistinguished ashes with yourself, and have sins enough of his own to answer for. It is not the farcical benedictions of a bishop, nor the cringing hypocrisy of a court of chaplains, nor the formality of an act of parliament, that can change guilt into innocence, or make the punishment one pang the less.”

“ There are cases in which it is as impossible to restore character to life as it is to recover the dead. It is a phoenix that can expire but once, and from whose ashes there is no resurrection.”

“ It was not Newton’s honor, neither could it be his pride, that he was born an Englishman, but that he was a philosopher. The heavens had liberated him from the prejudices of an island, and science had expanded his soul, as boundless as his studies.”

“ The war, on the part of America, has been a war of natural feelings, — brave in distress, serene in conquest, drowsy while at rest, and in every situation generously disposed to peace. A dangerous calm and a most heightened zeal have, as circumstances varied, succeeded each other. Every passion but that of despair has been called to a tour of duty ; and so mistaken has been the enemy of our abilities and disposition, that when she supposed us conquered we rose the conquerors.”

“ They were witnesses to the almost expiring flame of human freedom. It was the close struggle of life and death, — the line of invisible division, and on which the unabated fortitude of a Washington prevailed, and saved the spark that has since blazed in the north with unrivalled lustre.”

“ The times that tried men’s souls are over ; and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew, gloriously and happily accomplished.”

“ The will of God hath parted us, and the deed is registered for eternity. When Britain shall be a spot scarcely visible among the nations, America shall flourish the favorite of Heaven and the friend of mankind.”

“ It is not every country, perhaps there is not another in the world, that can boast so fair an origin. Even the

first settlement of America corresponds with the character of the Revolution. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians. Plunder and rapine made her rich, and her oppression of millions made her great. But America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the stages by which she rose to empire."

"She is now descending to the scenes of quiet and domestic life,—not beneath the cypress shade of disappointment, but to enjoy in her own land, and under her own vine, the sweet of her labors and the reward of her toil. In this situation may she never forget that a fair national reputation is of as much importance as independence; that it possesses a charm that wins upon the world, and makes even enemies civil; that it gives a dignity that is often superior to power, and commands reverence where pomp and splendor fail."

"Our lot is cast, and America, the child of fate, is arriving at maturity. . . . Too great to yield, and too noble to insult; superior to misfortune, and generous in success,—let us untaintedly preserve the character we have gained, and show to future ages an example of unequalled magnanimity."

Closing the "Crisis," I open now that fountain of human liberty, the "Rights of Man." Overflowing with truth, we can but taste its sparkling waters:—

"I am contending for the right of the living, and against their being willed away, and controlled and con-

tracted for by the manuscript-assumed authority of the dead ; and Mr. Burke is contending for the authority of the dead over the rights and freedom of the living.”

“ Those who have quitted the world, and those who are not arrived yet in it, are as remote from each other as the utmost stretch of mortal imagination can conceive. What possible obligation, then, can exist between them? What rule or principle can be laid down that two nonentities, the one out of existence and the other not yet in, and who never can meet in this world, that the one should control the other to the end of time ? ”

“ The circumstances of the world are continually changing, and the opinions of men change also ; and, as government is for the living and not for the dead, it is the living only that have any right in it. That which may be thought right and found convenient in one age, may be thought wrong and found inconvenient in another. In such cases who is to decide, — the living or the dead ? ”

“ I know a place in America called Point-no-Point, because, as you proceed along the shore, gay and flowery as Mr. Burke’s language, it continually recedes and presents itself at a distance ahead ; and when you have got as far as you can go, there is no point at all. Just thus is it with Mr. Burke’s three hundred and fifty-six pages.”

“ Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection, that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those that lingered out the most wretched of lives, a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons.

It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he has been to her. He is not affected by the reality of distress touching upon his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratic hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of art, and the genuine soul of nature forsakes him. His hero or his heroine must be a tragedy-victim, expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery, sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon."

" The mind can hardly picture to itself a more tremendous scene than what the city of Paris exhibited at the time of taking the Bastile, and for two days before and after, nor conceive the possibility of its quieting so soon. At a distance, this transaction has appeared only as an act of heroism standing on itself: and the close political connection it had with the Revolution is lost in the brilliancy of the achievement. But we are to consider it as the strength of the parties, brought man to man, and contending for the issue. The Bastile was to be either the prize or the prison of the assailants. The downfall of it included the idea of the downfall of despotism; and this compounded image was become as figuratively united as Bunyan's Doubting Castle and Giant Despair."

" But, after all, what is this metaphor called a crown, or rather what is monarchy? Is it a thing, or is it a name, or is it a fraud? Is it a ' contrivance of human wisdom,' or human craft, to obtain money from a nation under

specious pretences? Is it a thing necessary to a nation? If it is, in what does that necessity consist, what service does it perform, what is its business, and what are its merits? Doth the virtue consist in the metaphor or in the man? Doth the goldsmith that makes the crown make the virtue also? Doth it operate like Fortunatus's wishing-cap, or Harlequin's wooden sword? Doth it make a man a conjurer? In fine, what is it?"

"The greatest characters the world has known have risen on the democratic floor. Aristocracy has not been able to keep a proportionate pace with democracy. The artificial noble shrinks into a dwarf beside the noble of nature."

"Such is the irresistible nature of truth that all it asks, and all it wants, is the liberty of appearing. The Sun needs no inscription to distinguish him from darkness."

"With respect to what are called denominations of religion, if every one is left to judge of his own religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is wrong; but if they are to judge of each other's religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is right, and therefore all the world is right, or all the world is wrong. But with respect to religion itself, without regard to names, and as directing itself from the universal family of mankind to the Divine object of all adoration, it is man bringing to his Maker the fruits of his heart; and, though these fruits may differ from each other like the fruits of the earth, the grateful tribute of every one is accepted."

"Every religion is good that teaches man to be good."

“ Who art thou, vain dust and ashes ! by whatever name thou art called,— whether a king, a bishop, a church or a state, a parliament or anything else,— that obtrudest thine insignificance between the soul of man and his Maker ? ”

“ For my own part, I am fully satisfied that what I am now doing — with an endeavor to conciliate mankind, to render their condition happy, to unite nations that have hitherto been enemies, and to extirpate the horrid practice of war, and break the chains of slavery and oppression — is acceptable in His sight : and, being the best service I can perform, I act it cheerfully.”

“ In taking up this subject, I seek no recompense, I fear no consequences. Fortified with that proud integrity that disdains to triumph or to yield, I will advocate the rights of man.”

“ When, in countries that are called civilized, we see age going to the workhouse, and youth to the gallows, something must be wrong in the system of government.”

“ When it shall be said in any country in the world, ‘ My poor are happy : neither ignorance nor distress is to be found among them ; my jails are empty of prisoners, my streets of beggars ; the aged are not in want, the taxes are not oppressive ; the rational world is my friend, because I am the friend of its happiness,’ — when these things can be said, then may that country boast of its constitution and its government.”

“ Governments now act as if they were afraid to awaken a single reflection in man. They are softly leading him

to the sepulchre of precedents, to deaden his faculties and call his attention from the scenes of revolutions. They feel that he is arriving at knowledge faster than they wish, and their policy of precedents is the barometer of their fears. This political popery, like the ecclesiastical popery of old, has had its day, and is hastening to its exit. The ragged relic and the antiquated precedent, the monk and the monarch, will moulder together."

A few passages from the "Age of Reason" close our quotations from Paine. While they are sufficient to fairly present his leading theological principles, they are entirely inadequate to give even an idea of the full aim and scope of his work. The "Age of Reason" must be read to be understood or appreciated: —

"It has been my intention for several years past to publish my thoughts upon religion. I am well aware of the difficulties that attend the subject, and from that consideration had reserved it to a more advanced period of life. I intended it to be the last offering I should make to my fellow-citizens of all nations, and that at a time when the purity of the motive that induced me to it could not admit of a question, even by those who might disapprove the work."

"As several of my colleagues, and others of my fellow-citizens of France, have given me the example of making their voluntary and individual profession of faith, I also will make mine; and I do this with all that sincerity and frankness with which the mind of man communicates with itself: —

“ I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

“ I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy.”

“ I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish Church, by the Roman Church, by the Greek Church, by the Turkish Church, by the Protestant Church. My own mind is my own church.”

“ I do not mean by this declaration to condemn those who believe otherwise; they have the same right to their belief as I have to mine. But it is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself.”

“ I have always strenuously supported the right of every man to his opinion, however different that opinion might be to mine. He who denies to another this, makes a slave of himself to his present opinion, because he precludes himself the right of changing it.”

“ The most formidable weapon against errors of every kind is Reason. I have never used any other, and I trust I never shall.”

“ I know that this bold investigation will alarm many, but it would be paying too great a compliment to their credulity to forbear it on that account; the times and the subject demand it to be done.”

“ Nothing that is here said can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the real character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and an amiable man.”

“The Word of God is the creation we behold. And it is in this Word, which no human invention can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man.”

“It is only in the creation that all our ideas and conceptions of a Word of God can unite. The creation speaketh an universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they be. It is an ever-existing original, which every man can read. It cannot be forged, it cannot be counterfeited, it cannot be lost, it cannot be altered, it cannot be suppressed. It does not depend upon the will of man whether it shall be published or not; it publishes itself from one end of the earth to the other. It preaches to all nations and to all worlds.”

“Do we want to contemplate His power? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate His munificence? We see it in the abundance with which He fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate His mercy? We see it in His not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful.”

“Any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system.”

Paine was the prophet of his age. From the dim twilight of the eighteenth century, his keen eye pierced through the intervening years to and beyond the gray dawn of the twentieth; and as he traced the progress, and saw revealed the destiny, of man, his clarion voice

“Rang out the Old, rang in the New,”—

rang out the phantoms born of ignorance and fear ; rang out despotic rule,—rang in the good, the true ; rang in HUMANITY !

I do not hesitate to affirm that, from among all the literary productions of modern times, there cannot be found four works that have exerted a more powerful influence in shaping the destinies of the human race than these. “Common Sense” was the glorious sun that ushered in a New World of Freedom,—each number of the “Crisis,” a brilliant satellite that helped to illumine that New World’s long night of revolution.

The “Rights of Man” is one of the noblest works ever written. No lover of liberty ever perused its pages without thanking in his heart the brave author who penned them. Amid the ravages of time, this work, like other great works that preceded it, may disappear from the libraries of men ; but the principles embodied in it will live on. The chaste and simple words that clothe them may be forgotten, but the principles themselves can never die. They have produced an agitation in the broad ocean of humanity whose waves will sweep down through all the coming years.

The “Age of Reason” was the crowning effort of its author’s life. Eighty-five years since it was given to the world, the demand for it continues to increase ; and not until the dominant religion of Europe and America shall either perish from the earth or sweep to universal empire will this demand

subside. Around it has raged one of the fiercest intellectual conflicts of the age. All the artillery of Christendom has been brought to bear upon it, but thus far without effect. Firm, impregnable, like some Gibraltar, it still stands unharmed.

PART III.

VINDICATION.

CHAPTER V.

EXAMINATION OF CALUMNIES.

“For the right, Thomas Paine comes uppermost,
As round and round we go,
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a bigot work thee woe.
‘But never a truth has been destroyed:
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time;
But the sunshine, aye, shall light the sky.
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.’”

A LITTLE child is sweetly sleeping in its cradle, the very ideal of beauty, health, and innocence. Its parents have died, and left it sole heir to a goodly fortune. If it die, the parties to whose care it has been intrusted — those whose duty it is to protect it — will inherit this wealth. A terrible design is

formed: the child is taken from its peaceful slumber, hurriedly borne to a stream near by, and tossed far out into the dark waters. Its would-be murderers stand upon the brink to watch the result of their base plot. Unobserved, I stand upon the bank below. The clothing of the child keeps it from sinking, and the current bears it gently down the stream. It nears me. What shall I do? Shall I attempt the rescue of that child, or shall I let it perish? Without a moment's hesitation I plunge into the water, bring it safely to the shore, and place it far beyond the reach of danger.

A great man is sleeping in his grave. A life fraught with noble, self-sacrificing deeds in behalf of humanity, entitles him to the everlasting gratitude of man. But bad, designing men have sought to rob his memory of this just inheritance. They have opened the portals of his tomb, and desecrated that sacred sanctuary; they have taken his fair name, and hurled it far out into the black waters of infamy; they stand upon the shore, and watch with eager eye to see it sink from sight. Down the current of the century it glides. We see it now: those inky waters have not yet completely dimmed its lustre. What shall we do: shall we save that name, or shall we suffer it to perish? Brave men have already gone to the rescue, and shall we hesitate to follow? No! Let us bring it to the shore, clear it of every stain, bear it away in triumph, and place it far, far beyond the reach of calumny and slander.

There are, I regret to say, many good and honest people who believe Thomas Paine to have been a very bad man. They have heard this from the lips of those in whose veracity they place implicit confidence. While from infancy they have been taught to regard Jesus Christ as the Mediator between man and God, they have at the same time been led to consider Thomas Paine as a sort of negotiator between man and the Devil.

Let me say to these good people, Do you know why Paine has been so fiercely assailed? You have heard various charges preferred against him; but seriously, now, do you believe any of the charges named sufficient to account for the intense hatred manifested toward him? Have you never been struck with the thought that there might be something back of all this, some secret grudge, which your informants dare not mention? Let us notice briefly these faults and vices imputed to him.

You have been told that he died a pauper. The parties who told you this were certainly mistaken. Upon his return to America in 1802, the estate presented to him, in consideration of his Revolutionary services, was valued at \$30,000; and this, together with a considerable sum in stocks and money, was remaining at his death. It is doubtless true that during his long and useful career he was many times in straitened circumstances; but this was the result, not of improvidence or reckless expenditure, but of the devotion of his life to the cause of hu-

manity instead of the accumulation of wealth, and his unbounded charity, which prompted him to share his last dollar or his last comfort with the poor or distressed. But what if he had died poor? Is poverty a crime?

You have been told that he died a drunkard. A baser slander was never uttered. His neighbors and acquaintances all indignantly denied the truth of this imputation. The proprietor of the house in New York at which Paine spent much of his time, during his last years, stated that of all his guests he was the most temperate. But suppose that he was a drunkard; is drunkenness so rare as to secure for its victims an immortal notoriety?

You have been told that his writings are immoral. I defy those who make this charge to point to one immoral sentence in all that he has written; and I further affirm that they dare not permit you to determine for yourselves the truth or falsity of this assertion. But admitting, for the sake of argument, the charge to be true, does not the world teem with immoral literature? Are there not many immoral writers even among the living? If so, why has all this wrath been concentrated upon Paine, to the almost total exclusion of the rest?

You have been told that he was an Infidel. But what peculiar significance do they attach to this fact? Are not four-fifths of the world's inhabitants Infidels? Does not every one of our greatest living scholars—Darwin and Draper, Huxley and Haeckel,

Spencer and Tyndall—go far beyond him in point of Infidelity? Why this exclusiveness again?

You have been told that he recanted on his death-bed. This statement has been widely disseminated, and that, too, in spite of the fact that every person who was with him during his dying hours pronounced it false. An honest Quaker, who visited him often during his last illness, testified to having been offered money to publicly state that such was the case; but he refused. Others were doubtless approached in the same manner, and with the same result. Unable to find a death-bed witness base enough to make so foul a charge, the calumny was originated by one who did not see him die. A priest's brain conceived and bore that infamous falsehood; and, black and hideous as the offspring was, nearly every other priest was ready to serve it in the capacity of a faithful nurse. But suppose that he did recant,—that he acknowledged the divinity of Christ: if he did this, he died virtually in the Christian faith. Now, is it customary for the Church to treat death-bed penitents in the manner in which he has been treated? Has not every criminal that has repented in his last hours, from the dying thief of eighteen hundred years ago to the murderer of to-day, been held up as an object of admiration? Why, then, denounce Paine for having done, as they claim, the very same thing? Is this consistent?

And now, assuming all these charges to be true, he would still have been naught but a poor, drunken

Infidel; and, while this would naturally have subjected him to much adverse criticism while living, it would have been merely of a local character, and would have ceased when he was no more. Death would have silenced censure, the mantle of charity would have been spread above his grave, and the waves of oblivion would have rolled over his memory long ago. Is it possible that all Christendom would be so deeply agitated,—that the walls of her churches echo every week with the fierce anathemas thundered from a thousand pulpits against the inanimate dust of a poor, drunken Infidel?

The conclusion, I think, must irresistibly force itself upon your mind that these reputed faults do not constitute the real “head and front of Thomas Paine’s offending.” Is there not to you something mysterious about all this? And would you have the mystery solved? If so, read the “Age of Reason.” Read it carefully, thoughtfully, critically; read it with your Bible open before you; read it in connection with the ablest refutations that have been attempted against it. Do this, and the mystery will be solved; you will then know why Thomas Paine has been so bitterly assailed.

Two champions meet in the arena of debate. One of them is overwhelmed; smiles and groans announce his discomfiture, while the hall resounds with the shouts of applause that reward the triumph of his rival. Then one of them grows angry, and, stung with madness, drops the sword of argument, and

seizes in its stead the bludgeon of malice, with which to assail his adversary. But which one does this, — the successful or the defeated antagonist? I have somewhere read that “the proud bird that soars on pinions strong and free, and is not hit by the marksman’s bullet, is not discomposed ;” that “*it is the wounded bird that flutters.*”

That Thomas Paine was not the poor, drunken, immoral wretch that clerical virulence represents him to have been, the proof furnished in the consideration paid to him, by prominent characters contemporaneous with him, should be conclusive. Would Benjamin Franklin have furnished letters of introduction to a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would Lord Erskine have defended, against the government of England, a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would Bishop Watson have crossed swords, in theological disputation, with a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would Napoleon Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his glory, have invited to his table a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would France’s greatest heroines, Roland and De Stael, have stooped to pay the tribute of praise to a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would the Christian statesman, James Monroe, have retained for more than a year as a member of his household a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would Thomas Jefferson have sent a National ship to bear to his home a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would Washington have acknowledged, as one of the most potent factors in achieving American In-

dependence, the pen of a poor, drunken, immoral wretch? Would the Congress of the United States have conferred honors and bestowed gifts upon a poor, drunken, immoral wretch?

CHAPTER VI.

TESTIMONIALS TO PAINE'S CHARACTER.

“ We fear no foe, we flee no fight,
While thus we honor slandered right;
For truth we brave our foes again,
And fight for justice and for Paine !”

THE ass was bravest when the lion could no longer defend himself; and the 8th of June, 1809, marks the era of increased vituperation against the name of Thomas Paine. For more than two-thirds of a century the world has listened to the brays and witnessed the kicks of a thousand brave asses against liberty’s dead lion.

The savage mutilates the dead body of his victim, the hyena digs into the grave and devours its contents; but worse, and more to be abhorred than either, is the murderer of dead men’s reputations. For him no crime is too black, no deed too despicable. How often do we see one of these vile assassins take up the good name of Thomas Paine, and, after covering it with all the filth and slime that the hellish, venomous spirit of calumny can distil, hold it up before the world, and with a counterfeited

look of holy horror — affecting all the meekness of an expiring calf, and rolling up the whites of his snaky eyes to cover the blackness of his brutal soul, — exclaim, “This is a fiend !”

No civilized court pronounces a prisoner guilty without allowing him the privilege of a defence. None but a barbarous despot does this, and it is by such a barbarous court that Thomas Paine has been convicted. Witness this half-farcical, half-tragical trial. A dead man is dragged from his grave, and arraigned before this despotic tribunal. In his accuser we behold some clerical hypocrite, who

“ Practises falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal couched with revenge.”

Before him lies a copy of Cheetham’s “Life of Paine,” — a work which a distinguished clergyman characterized as “a libel almost from beginning to end ;” a work written by a man who boasted of having nine suits for libel pending against him at one time, — a man who was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine for defamation of a woman’s character ; a man who was the notorious maligner of Franklin and Jefferson: this the evidence adduced. One libeller endeavoring to impeach the character of an honest man by quoting the testimony of another libeller ! But the evidence is deemed sufficient ; and when some friend of justice rises to interpose a word in defence of the slandered, outraged man, from this haughty despot comes

the imperial mandate, “No defence allowed. Accursed be he who offers aught in palliation of the culprit’s crimes! Thomas Paine, you are adjudged guilty. This court condemns your memory to everlasting infamy on earth, and prays its God to consign your soul to endless misery in hell!”

From this arbitrary court I appeal the case of Thomas Paine to a higher court,—a court whose judge and jury shall be a generous public. Against the false and malicious statements of this base hireling, this convicted libeller, James Cheetham, and the puny miscreants whose slanderous tongues delight to echo his calumnies, I bring the evidence of *one hundred* good and competent witnesses,—those who, by intimate acquaintance or a careful study of Paine’s history, are eminently qualified for making an intelligent, unbiassed estimate of his life and works; historians, statesmen, divines, and others; men and women who have acquired an honorable distinction in the various walks of life, and whose names alone are a sufficient guaranty that what they testify shall be “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.” From the dead and from the living—from two continents—I summon them; and, as one by one their names are called, let them respond:—

GILBERT VALE:—“What an amalgamation do the slanderers of Paine present!—the young girl of pious education vociferating *Tom Paine*; the pious teacher,

perhaps also deceived, but without examination, preaching from the pulpit that the opponent of the Gospel scheme lived and died a degraded, drunken being! To these are added the arch-hypocrite who knows the slander, but from interested motives joins the bitter cry of *Tom Paine* and inebriety. To these again are added the thousands of decent people of all religions, who, finding it fashionable to pronounce the name of Paine with a sneer, generously believe what everybody says."

"This [Paine's will] falsifies at once Mr. Paine's poverty."

"We know that he was not only temperate in after-life, but even abstemious."

"We know more than twenty persons who were more or less acquainted with Mr. Paine, and not one of whom ever saw him in liquor."

"Those who have attacked his style are themselves ignorant or vicious, with no literary character to lose."

"This attack on his literary character, successful in an extraordinary degree, depended on the suppression of his works; the presumption of the ignorance of those works by the body of the party addressed; and on the assumption of the power of the clergy to prevent those works being read."

"Paine's style was clear, forcible, and elegant: in our opinion, he is the best English writer we know"

"In regard to Mr. Paine's religion, as it was the religion of most of the men of science of the present age, and probably of three-fourths of those of the last, there can be no just reason for making *it* an exception to his character."

“On the 8th of June, about nine in the morning, he died, placid and almost without a struggle.”

“As an act of kindness, Mr. Woodsworth visited Mr. Paine every day for six weeks before his death ; he frequently sat up with him, and did so on the last two nights of his life. . . . Mr. Woodsworth assures us that he neither heard nor saw anything to justify the belief of any mental change in the opinions of Mr. Paine previous to his death.”

“In vain did his friends witness the sincerity of his belief, his firmness and calmness at the last moment ; in vain did Dr. Manley *try* to extort from him a recantation ; and in vain did clerical gentlemen assail him when infirm in body. In vain did Mr. Jarvis, Colonel Daniel Pelton, and our living friend Mr. Haskins, and the respected Willet Hicks, receive his last declaration in the presence of death ; in vain was all this.”

“After the French Revolution a reaction took place, first in England and then on this side the Atlantic, and in the darkness of which Cheetham slipped in his Life of Paine.

“Cheetham was an Englishman, and had been a zealous disciple of Paine both in politics and religion ; but he had retrograded in politics, and deserted the principles of the democratic party. Paine had attacked him with his accustomed force, and thus converted him into a personal enemy. Mr. Cheetham at this time edited a party paper in New York, and, while he was yet smarting under the lash of Paine, heated by party politics and fired with revenge, wrote the life of his adversary. Cheetham, however, connected this with a scheme of interest :

. . . . he had become a renegade, and was then in support of the English Tory party, and was preparing to go to England when he died. His Life of Paine he knew was a passport to the English court.

“When, therefore, a party hack, as Cheetham doubtless was, disappointed and a renegade, with talents, as he certainly possessed, but embittered in feelings and regardless of truth, as all circumstances contribute to show,—what could be expected from such a man but just what he produced, a Life of Paine abounding in bold falsehoods, cunningly contrived, and addressed to a people who *wished* to be deceived ?”

“Could the ‘Age of Reason’ and ‘Rights of Man’ have been replied to as he replied to Burke, we should have never heard these slanders.”

“Paine stands alone as a remarkable instance of great generosity and public spirit.”

“He possessed every prominent virtue in large proportions, and to these he added the most social qualities.”

“In reviewing the life of Thomas Paine, we can see no defect in his public character. He was a citizen of the world, and served its interests to the best of his abilities, which were great.”

“Mr. Paine was as much esteemed in his private life as in his public. He was a welcome visitor to the tables of the most distinguished citizens.”

“Other men have followed events; Paine actually created them.”

“He wanted a Declaration of Independence, and he produced the wish for it.”

“The beauties of nature and the happiness of the human family occupied his mind; and the violence done to nature and to human happiness by tyranny and superstition, together with the remarkable events of his day, deflected his course from the pursuits of peace, which he was so fitted to enjoy, into the more violent but useful course he did pursue.”

REV. GEORGE CROLY:—“An impartial estimate of this remarkable person has been rarely formed, and still more rarely expressed. He was assuredly one of the original men of the age in which he lived.”

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE:—“There was nothing small or mean about him. He was a strong man all through. The man who was the confidant of Burke, the counsellor of Franklin, and the friend and colleague of Washington, must have had great qualities. . . . Let us do justice to him.”

AARON BURR:—“I always considered Mr. Paine a gentleman, a pleasant companion, and a good-natured and intelligent man, decidedly temperate.”

JUDGE COOPER:—“I have dined with Mr. Paine in literary society, . . . in London, at least a dozen times, when his dress, manners, and conversation were such as became the character of an unobtrusive, intelligent gentleman, accustomed to good society. . . . Paine’s opinions on theological topics underwent no change before his death.”

COL. DANIEL PELTON:—“All you have heard of his recanting is false. Being aware that such reports would be raised after his death, by fanatics which infested his house at the time it was expected he would die, we [Thomas Nixon and Col. Pelton], intimate acquaintances of Thomas Paine since the year 1776, went to his house. He was sitting up in a chair, and apparently in the full vigor and use of all his mental faculties. We interrogated him on his religious opinions, and if he had changed his mind, or repented of anything he had said or wrote, on that subject. He answered, ‘Not at all.’”

REV. WILLET HICKS:—“I could have had any sums if I would have said anything against Thomas Paine, or if I would even have consented to remain silent. . . . He was a good man, an honest man.”

JOHN FELLOWS:—“Mr. Hicks was in the habit of seeing Mr. Paine frequently, and must have known if such a wonderful revolution had taken place in his mind as is stated; and he does not hesitate to say that the whole thing is a pious fraud. Indeed, it was considered by the friends of Paine generally to be too contemptible to controvert.”

WALTER MORTON:—“In his religious opinions, he continued to the last as steadfast and tenacious as any sectarian to the definition of his own creed. I shook his hand after his use of speech was gone; but, while the other organs told me sufficiently that he knew me and appreciated my affection, his eye glistened with genius under the pangs of death.”

DR. BOND:—“Mr. Paine, while hourly expecting to die, read to me parts of his ‘Age of Reason’; and every night when I left him, to be separately locked up, and expected not to see him alive in the morning, he always expressed his firm belief in the principles of that book, and begged I would tell the world such were his dying opinions. . . . He was the most conscientious man I ever knew.”

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD:—“I lodge with my friend Paine; we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he has been to me. There is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him that I never knew a man before to possess.”

CLIO RICKMAN:—“Why seek occasion, surly critics and detractors, to maltreat and misrepresent Mr. Paine? He was mild, unoffending, sincere, gentle, humble, and unassuming; his talents were soaring, acute, profound, extensive, and original; and he possessed that charity which covers a multitude of sins.”

JOEL BARLOW:—“He was one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind, endowed with the clearest perception, an uncommon share of original genius, and the greatest depth of thought. . . . As a visiting acquaintance and a literary friend, he was one of the most instructive men I have ever known. He had a surprising memory and a brilliant fancy. His mind was a storehouse of facts and useful observation.

“The biographer of Thomas Paine should not forget his mathematical acquirements and his mechanical genius.

His invention of the iron bridge, which led him to Europe in the year 1787, has procured him a great reputation in that branch of science in France and England.

“He ought to be ranked among the brightest and undeviating luminaries of the age in which he lived.”

HENRY C. WRIGHT:—“Thomas Paine had a clear idea of God. This Being embodied his highest conception of truth, love, wisdom, mercy, liberty, and power.”

MAJ. J. WEED CORY:—“Thomas Paine was not an atheist. He wrote against atheism, and in less than ten years Trinitarians will be appealing to his works to prove the existence of a God.”

REV. G. H. HUMPHREY:—“He was honest. Nor was he uncharitable. He abstained from profanity, and rebuked it in others. He opposed slavery.”

THEODORE PARKER:—“His instincts were humane and elevated, and his life devoted mainly to the great purposes of humanity. I think he did more to promote piety and morality among men than a hundred ministers of that age in America.”

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:—“He is an ingenious, honest man.”

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL:—“But concede all the allegations against him, and it still leaves him the author of ‘Common Sense,’ and certain other papers, which rung like clarions in the darkest hour of the Revolutionary

struggle, inspiring the bleeding and starving and pestilence-stricken as the pen of no other man ever inspired them. *Shame rest on the pen which dares not to do him justice!*"

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L.:—"We cannot ignore the fact that he was one of the ablest politicians of his time, and that liberal minds all over the world recognized him as such."

CHARLES BOTTA:—"No writer, perhaps, ever possessed in a higher degree the art of moving and guiding the multitude at his will."

STEPHEN SIMPSON:—"Lucid in his style, forcible in his diction, and happy in his illustrations, he threw the charms of poetry over the statue of reason, and made converts to liberty as if a power of fascination presided over his pen.

"To the genius of Thomas Paine as a popular writer, and to that of George Washington as a prudent, skilful, and consummate general, are the American people indebted for their rights, liberty, and independence."

PAUL ALLEN:—"Among the numerous writers on this momentous question, the most luminous, the most eloquent, and the most forcible was Thomas Paine. Those who regard the independence of the United States as a blessing will never cease to cherish the remembrance of Thomas Paine."

THOMAS GASPEY:—"The clear and powerful style of Paine made a prodigious impression on the American

people. . . . He was treated with great consideration by the members of the Revolutionary Government, who took no steps of importance without consulting him."

WILLIAM HOWITT:—"He became the great oracle on subjects of governments and constitutions.

"There was no man in the Colonies who contributed so much to bring the open Declaration of Independence to a crisis as Thomas Paine.

"This pamphlet ['Common Sense'] was the spark which was all that was needed to fire the train of Independence. It at once seized on the imagination of the public, cast all other writers into the shade, and flew in thousands and tens of thousands all over the Colonies. . . . The common fire blazed up in the Congress, and the thing was done."

SAMUEL BRYAN:—"This book, 'Common Sense,' may be called the Book of Genesis, for it was the beginning. From this book spread the Declaration of Independence, that not only laid the foundation of liberty in our own country, but the good of mankind throughout the world."

BENJ. F. LOSSING:—"It was the earliest and most powerful appeal in behalf of Independence, and probably did more to fix that idea firmly in the public mind than any other instrumentality."

REV. WILLIAM GORDON:—"Nothing could have been better timed than this performance."

WILLIAM MASSEY:—"Thomas Paine's pamphlet, 'Common Sense,' . . . had an immense circulation."

TIMOTHY PITKINS:—“‘Common Sense’ produced a wonderful effect in the different Colonies in favor of Independence.”

GUILLAUME TELL POUSSIN:—“‘Common Sense’ exerted an overpowering influence. It rendered the sentiment of Independence national.”

REV. ABIEL HOLMES:—“A pamphlet under the signature of ‘Common Sense,’ written by Thomas Paine, produced great effect.”

RICHARD FROTHINGHAM:—“The great question which it treated was now discussed at every fireside; and the favorite toast at every dinner-table was, ‘May the independent principles of “Common Sense” be confirmed throughout the United Colonies !’ ”

FRANCIS BOWEN:—“Written in an eminently popular style, it had an immense circulation, and was of great service in preparing the minds of the people for Independence.”

JOHN FROST, LL.D.:—“One of the most conspicuous of these writers was Thomas Paine.”

WILLIAM SMYTHE:—“The pamphlet of Paine was universally read and admired in America.”

DR. DAVID RAMSEY:—“In union with the feelings and sentiments of the people, it produced surprising effects.”

RICHARD HILDRETH:—“It argued in that plain and convincing style for which Paine was so distinguished.

Pitched exactly to the popular tone, it had a wide circulation throughout the Colonies, and gave a powerful impulse to the cause of Independence."

W. H. BARTLETT:—"This pamphlet produced an indescribable sensation."

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW:—"The most powerful writer was the celebrated Thomas Paine, of London, who resided for some time in America, and, in a work entitled 'Common Sense,' roused the public feeling to a degree unequalled by any previous appeal."

HENRY G. WATSON:—" 'Common Sense' effected a complete revolution in the feelings and sentiments of the great mass of the people."

MARY HOWITT:—"It went direct to the point, showing, in the simplest but strongest language, the folly of keeping up the British connection, and the absolute necessity which existed for separation. The cause of Independence took, as it were, a definite form from this moment."

MARY L. BOOTH:—"At this juncture 'Common Sense' was published in Philadelphia, by Thomas Paine, and electrified the whole nation with the spirit of Independence and Liberty. This eloquent production severed the last link that bound the Colonies to the mother country; it boldly gave speech to the arguments which had long been trembling on the lips of many, but which none before had found courage to utter."

EDMUND BURKE:—" 'Common Sense,' that celebrated pamphlet which prepared the minds of the people for Independence."

GENERAL CHARLES LEE:—“Have you seen the pamphlet, ‘Common Sense’? I never saw such a masterly, irresistible performance.

“He burst forth on the world like Jove in thunder!”

REV. JEDEDIAH MORSE:—“The change of the public mind on this occasion is without a parallel.”

HON. SALMA HALE:—“The effect of the pamphlet in making converts was astonishing, and is probably without precedent in the annals of literature.”

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH:—“‘Common Sense’ burst from the press with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country.”

ALEXANDER ANDREWS:—“The ‘American Crisis’ appeared, and first pronounced the words which had been faltering upon so many blanched lips and trembling tongues of men who shuddered as they saw the only alternative more plainly, — Independence and Separation.”

GEORGE F. CRAM:—“He wrote the ‘Crisis,’ and the whole patriot army was inspirited by it. Other patriotic articles followed, and during the war his pen was considered as mighty in leading on the armies as their cannon was formidable to the British hosts.”

SAMUEL ADAMS:—“I have frequently, with pleasure, reflected on your services to my native and your adopted country. Your ‘Common Sense’ and your ‘Crisis’ un-

questionably awakened the public mind, and led the people loudly to call for a Declaration of our National Independence."

ABBE SIEYES:—"Thomas Paine is one of those men who most contributed to the establishment of a Republic in America. In England his ardent love of humanity, and his hatred of every form of tyranny, prompted him to defend the French Revolution against the rhapsodical declamation of Mr. Burke. His 'Rights of Man,' translated into our language, is universally known; and where is the patriotic Frenchman who has not already, from the depths of his soul, thanked him for having fortified our cause with all the power of his reason and his reputation?"

CHARLES JAMES FOX:—"The Rights of Man' seems as clear and as simple as the first rules of arithmetic."

DR. BAINES:—"Editions were multiplied in every form and size: it was alike seen in the hands of the noble and the plebeian, and became, at length, translated into the various languages of Europe."

RICHARD HENRY LEE:—"It is a performance of which any man might be proud; and I sincerely regret that our country could not have offered sufficient inducements to have retained as a permanent citizen a man so thoroughly republican in sentiment, and fearless in the expression of his opinions."

DR. T. A. BLAND:—"Thomas Paine . . . has furnished the substratum of the best theological thought of

modern times. The principles of the 'Age of Reason' are embodied in sermons—Orthodox and Radical—all over the country."

ALICE HUNTER PAYNE:—"The sound logical arguments of the work, and the purity of tone and expression, all carried conviction to her judgment and understanding."

JAMES PARTON:—"The 'Age of Reason' contains nothing against religion."

PROF. JAMIESON:—"I read from this famous book, the 'Age of Reason,' . . . as pure sentiments as were ever penned by mortal man."

DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS:—"No work had the demand for readers comparable to that of Paine."

B. F. UNDERWOOD:—"Thomas Paine's style as a writer, in some respects, has never been equalled; at least, has never been surpassed. . . . Every sentence that he wrote was suffused with the light of his own luminous mind, and stamped with his own intense individuality of character. . . . He presented his thoughts in language so terse and clear and simple that even the most uneducated mind could not fail to understand them, while the most learned, even to-day, cannot read them without profit or without interest."

HORNE TOOKE:—"You are like Jove, coming down upon us in a shower of gold."

CAPEL LOFFT:—“I am glad Paine is living: he cannot be even wrong without enlightening mankind, such is the vigor of his intellect, such the acuteness of his research, and such the force and vivid perspicuity of his expression.”

REV. W. C. GANNETT:—“What wonder that Thomas Paine wrote his strong, rank sarcasm? People should remember why he wrote it.”

ROBERT BISSET, LL.D.:—“Thomas Paine was represented as the minister of God, diffusing light to a darkened world.”

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS:—“The true chief-priest of humanity is the man who solves the greatest riddles and conquers the greatest obstacles in the progress of mankind; and you must not be surprised if I rank Thomas Paine not only, therefore, as a priest, but as perhaps the real chief-priest, or *pontifex maximus*, of his age.”

LOUIS MASQUERIER:—

“Paine, who wrote, in man's defense,
'Rights of Man' and 'Common Sense,'—
Let not pious virulence
Stain his honest fame.”

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT:—“Ministers know that a united people are not to be resisted; and it is this that we must understand by what is written in the works of an honest man too long calumniated. I mean Thomas Paine.”

JAMES THOMPSON CALLENDER:—“Abuse of this author is now as naturally expected in a Federal newspaper as tea and chocolate in a grocer’s store. . . . They dread and revile, and if able they would persecute, Thomas Paine, because he possesses talents and courage sufficient to rend asunder the mantle of speculation, and to delineate the rickety growth of our public debt.”

CHARLES WILSON PEALE:—“Personal acquaintance with him gives me an opportunity of knowing that he had done more for our common cause than the world, who had only seen his publications, could know.”

MADAME DE STAEL:—“When the sentence of Louis XVI. came under discussion, he alone advised what would have done honor to France if it had been adopted, — the offer to the king of an asylum in America.”

MARQUIS DE CHASTELLEUX:—“I know not how it happened that, since my arrival in America, I had not yet seen Mr. Paine, that author so celebrated in America and throughout Europe by his excellent work entitled ‘Common Sense,’ and several other political pamphlets. M. De Lafayette and myself had asked the permission of an interview for the 14th, in the morning, and we waited on him accordingly with Col. Laurens. . . . His patriotism and his talents are unquestionable.”

W. T. SHERWIN:—“The hall of the Minimes was so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty they made way for Mr. Paine to the side of the president. Over the chair he sat in was placed the bust of Mirabeau, and the colors of France, England, and America united. A

speaker acquainted him from the tribune with his election, amid the plaudits of the people. For some minutes after this ceremony, nothing was heard but ‘*Vive la Nation!* *Vive THOMAS PAINE!*’

“Despair and dismay appear to have formed no part of Paine’s character. He seems never to have sunk into the extreme of depression, or to have risen to that tumultuous gladness which so often accompanies the extreme of elevation. His mind appears never to have been crushed by defeat or elated by success. The unshaken fortitude which can smile on disappointments and danger, and look serenely amidst the tumult of triumph, seems to have been the most prominent feature in his character.”

DAVID BRUCE: — “In the year 1830 the writer visited Philadelphia in company with an old printer, Mr. Samuel Farilamb. He paused in a quiet court and pointed out the still standing printing-office wherein he served his apprenticeship. ‘There,’ he solemnly remarked, ‘I once saw in deep debate, standing alone, three of the greatest men together perhaps the world ever saw; and as time has moved along, with its strange and startling events, developing principles which exercised their great and extended minds, the cluster of that trinity of master-spirits has often occurred to my mind.’

“He no doubt read my impatient inquiry in my stare and profound silence.

“He resumed: ‘Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and Dr. Joseph Priestley.’”

HARRIET LAW: — “There are few to whom the world owes more, and probably none to whose memory it has been more ungrateful.”

ARTHUR O'CONNER: —

“The pomp of courts and pride of kings
I fain would banish far from hence:
I prize beyond all earthly things
The Rights of Man and Common Sense.

“I love my country, but the king,—
Confusion to his odious reign!
Above all men, his praise I sing,
That foe to princes, Thomas Paine.”

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER: — “And this mild work, the ‘Age of Reason,’ is the real cause and origin of all the cruel calumnies the world has circulated about the scholar, the philosopher, the hero, the scientist, the inventor, the humanitarian, and the savior, Thomas Paine.

“He came to this country to introduce a more elevated system of education in our female schools; and therefore you women should be especially careful how you malign and traduce one who labored for your elevation in the scale of humanity; one who wished to give you the only means that will ever raise you to an equality with your brother man, — knowledge.”

CHARLES BRADLAUGH: — “Thomas Paine’s name stands so high that any word of mine as testimony to his memory seems an impertinence. He was a sturdy, true man, though Norfolk-born not English, but human, and with nothing of geographical limit to that humanity. As a politician, or rather as a thinker on politics, he stands for England as Jean Jaques Rousseau has stood for France. You on your side ought to reverence him for his timely words in the great crisis which gave form and reality to vague, unspoken thought. We on our side, too, ought to honor him for the ‘Rights of Man’ yet to be wearisomely achieved.”

REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKES, LL.D.:—“Paine arrived in Calais in September, 1792. The garrison at Calais were under arms to receive this ‘friend of liberty,’ the tri-colored cockade was presented to him by the mayor, and the handsomest woman in the town was selected to place it in his hat. Meantime Paine had been declared in Paris worthy the honors of citizenship, and he proceeded thither, where he was received with every demonstration of extravagant joy.”

CALVIN BLANCHARD:—“The ‘Crisis’ is contained in sixteen numbers, to notice which separately would involve a history of the American Revolution itself. In fact, they comprise a truer history of that event than does any professed history of it yet written. They comprise the soul of it, of which every professed history is destitute.

“He stood the acknowledged leader of American statesmanship, and the soul of the American Revolution, by the proclamation of the Legislatures of all the States, and that of the Congress of the United States. . . . A little less modesty, a little more preference of himself to humanity, and a good deal more of what ought to be common sense on the part of the people he sought to free, and he would have been President of the United States; and America, instead of France, would have had the merit of bestowing the highest honor on the most deserving of mankind.”

COL. WILLIAM H. BURR:—“There are more than three hundred parallels of character, conduct, opinion, style, sentiment, and language between Paine and Junius. . . . Paine alone, of the forty or more writers on whose

behalf the authorship of those letters has been claimed, answers to all the characteristics, and redeems all the pledges, of Junius.

“ It is conceded that Philip Francis, as a writer, never rose to the level of Junius. None but a rash critic will assign Paine to a lower level.

“ The claim of the identity of Paine with Junius is now six years old ; and, if there is a single fact incompatible therewith, it is time it were produced.”

HON. ELIZUR WRIGHT:—“ In my early life I looked at Thomas Paine through the green spectacles of the Orthodox popular religion. While I did so, the Revolution of '76 seemed supernatural, and our Republicanism mysterious. As years rolled on, I met a worthy Quaker Abolitionist of New Rochelle, who gave me some traditional information of Paine's private character so flatly contradictory to the common Christian estimate, that I was excited to study his writings and public career as I had never done before. I was surprised to find there the natural cause of what before had been so mysterious to me. It became perfectly clear that it was Thomas Paine, more than any other man or any other thing, who turned the current of history in the New World. It was his clear head and brave and righteous soul that inspired the men who declared our independence, and put into the Constitution of the United States such a veto against ecclesiastical domination as has defied its proud and conceited usurpation to the present day.”

RICHARD CARLISLE:—“ I revere the name of Thomas Paine. The image of his honest face is ever before me.”

GEORGE BANCROFT:—“The publication of ‘Common Sense,’ which was brought out on the 8th of January, was most opportune.”

M. DANTON:—“What thou hast done for the happiness and liberty of thy country, I have in vain attempted to do for mine. I have been less fortunate, but not more guilty. They are sending us to the scaffold. Well, my friend, we must go to it gaily.”

JOSIAH P. MENDUM:—“Thomas Paine was one of the most devoted patriots this country had at the time of its long struggle with Great Britain for its independence. As a reasoner and writer, few compared with him; as a friend, one to be relied upon for aid and assistance within his power to give. His political writings are radical and reformatory, even in advance of the present time. As a critic and reviewer of the Bible, his ‘Age of Reason’ is unanswerable, while his ideas of God are very sublime. His great services in the American Revolution, and the part he acted during the struggle of the Colonies for their independence, entitle him to the respect and admiration of every lover of the country of his adoption.”

GEORGE LIPPARD:—“Ah, my friends! you may talk to me of the sublimity of your battles, whose poetry is bones and skulls, whose glories are like the trophies of the butcher’s shambles; but for me there is no battle so awfully sublime as one like this, now being fought before your eyes.

“A poor, neglected author, sitting in his garret,—the world, poverty, time, space, all forgotten,—as, with his

soul kindled into one steady blaze, he plies that fast-moving quill. That quill writes down words on paper which shall burn into the brains of kings, — words like arrows winged with fire and pointed with vitriol !

“ In the full prime of early manhood, he joins the army of the Revolution ; he shares the crust and the cold with Washington and his men ; he is with those brave soldiers on the toilsome march, with them by the camp-fire, with them in the hour of battle !

“ Is the day dark ? has the battle been bloody ? do the American soldiers despair ? Hark ! that printing-press yonder, which moves with the American camp in all its wanderings, is scattering pamphlets through the ranks of the army, — pamphlets written by the author-soldier ; written sometimes on the head of a drum, or by the midnight fire, or amid the corses of the dead.

“ Tell me, was not that a sublime sight, to see a man of genius, who might have shone as an orator, a poet, a novelist, following, with untiring devotion, the bloody-stamped footsteps of the Continental Army ? ”

“ Such words as these stirred up the starved Continentals to the attack on Trenton, and there, in the dawn of that glorious morning, George Washington, standing sword in hand over the dead body of the Hessian Rhol, confessed the magic influence of the author-hero’s pen.”

HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN : — “ I read Paine’s political writings when a boy, and have admired him ever since. He was a perfectly unselfish and incorruptible patriot ; he was a philanthropist in the best sense of the word ; he was a man of the rarest integrity and moral courage. If any man, native or foreign born, among the illustrious

characters of ‘the times that tried men’s souls,’ is to be singled out as the real Father of American Democracy, it is Thomas Paine. He has been the victim of almost infinite injustice ; but I rejoice in the confident belief that time will fully vindicate his memory, and restore him to his just rank among the heroes of humanity.”

COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON :— “ Thomas Paine, in the finest words that ever came from his lips, when he was urged by his friends to leave France during the French Revolution, gave us something that might be always the motto for us. They urged him (he was in personal danger) to go back to America, the country he had served so long. ‘ Go there,’ they said : ‘ it is your country.’ ‘ No,’ he said ; ‘ for the time, this is my country.’ Then they quoted to him the old Latin motto that he himself had once quoted, — ‘ Where liberty is, there is my country.’ What grander motto can there be ? But Paine, with the doors of the Bastile opening before him, thought of one still grander. ‘ No,’ he said ; ‘ no, it is not my motto, — not “ Where liberty is, there is my country,” but “ Where liberty is *not*, there is my country.” ’ So said Thomas Paine, and the doors of the Bastile closed around him.”

JOHN FRAZER :— “ Will you please to inform our friends that the monument to Thomas Paine is erected ? The people up there say it is a chaste and beautiful structure. Its purely Grecian character and simplicity of form render its general effect truly impressive and interesting.

“ I was much pleased to find that, among the number of fifty persons and more that were assembled to witness

our labors, not an unkind look was seen, nor an unfriendly expression heard, during the time. All looked and spake as though their hearts were glad at seeing such marked regard, such noble and lasting honor, paid to the great patriot of our Revolution and the defender of the rights of man."

W. S. BELL:—"He attempted to incorporate in the new Constitution the principle of universal suffrage, but found only one supporter. When the National Convention met to order the execution of Louis XVI., it was Paine who rose, and in the name of liberty protested against the deed, which was both crime and blunder.

"'Destroy the king,' he cried, 'but save the man! Strike the crown, but spare the heart!'

"'These are not the words of Thomas Paine!' exclaimed a dozen members, from different parts of the hall.

"'They *are* my words!' said the brave Englishman."

HON. W. H. HERNDON:—"About the year 1834, Lincoln chanced to come across Volney's 'Ruins,' and some of Paine's theological works. He at once seized hold of them, and assimilated them into his own being. Volney and Paine became a part of Mr. Lincoln from 1834 to the end of his life."

H. L. GREEN:—"The world moves! There was a soldiers' re-union at Vincennes a few days ago, and the banner over the speaker's stand was adorned with finely executed portraits of Thomas Paine, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln; and above the portraits were

the words, 'The Glorious Trinity of Independence,' and beneath the portraits the words, 'The Originator, the Defender, the Preserver.'"

REV. S. P. PUTNAM:—"For once, the man of ideas ranked with the man of action; and he, whose brain and intense soul gave meaning to the mighty Revolution of our fathers, was held in equal respect with him who made that meaning effectual in blows and practical statesmanship. We would detract nothing from the fame of Washington: his glory abides, and the glory of another does not make it less."

"Washington drew his sword as a rebel. It was the pen of Thomas Paine that made him the builder of a new nation; it was the burning words of the 'Infidel' that gave to the armies of America the grandest faith that ever moved a struggling and oft-times despairing host."

DR. J. R. MONROE:—"The American people are slowly progressing toward a proper appreciation of the great merits and genius of Thomas Paine. The services he rendered to the cause of liberty in his day are incalculable. In genius he was the master-spirit of his time; in action he was unselfish; in council he was wise; in power he was merciful; in charity, unstinted. He was a century ahead of the age in which he lived. With the wand of his genius he turned aside the scroll that concealed the future of our country, and, by the inspiring picture he thus presented, our disheartened and hard-pressed forefathers were nerved to press forward, to brave every peril, to dare every danger, to defy every death, till tyranny was throttled and man was free. Not so much

in his theological literature — caustic, conclusive, and unanswerable as it is — should Thomas Paine live, as in his earnest and unrewarded labors in the cause of human rights and mental liberty."

PARKER PILLSBURY: — "This generation will never appreciate, still less approve, the services rendered to the cause of American Independence by Thomas Paine. Paine was more needed in 1775 than was Jefferson or Washington. Without his 'Common Sense,' written in that year, we should not have had the Declaration of Independence in 1776; and, till that Declaration, there was little of the presence of Washington, and perhaps still less of his military services, needed.

"Some wise men believe Thomas Paine the author of the Declaration of Independence. That probably cannot be proved. But whoever has read his 'Common Sense' and 'Crisis' will not doubt that he could have written every word of it. And whoever reads his 'Rights of Man' can as easily believe that he might have written the 'Constitution of the United States' also; all but its Slavery Compromises, to which he would never have set his hand, — never!"

COL. JOHN C. BUNDY: — "I hail with pleasure every announcement of a new work on that great hero, Thomas Paine, the man whose splendid genius has done so much to advance political and religious liberty. I am glad to note from year to year an increasing demand for his writings, and a broader and more just appreciation of his great services."

THOMAS CARLYLE: — "To the Convention itself neither the work nor the method is doubtful, — to make the Con-

stitution: to defend the Republic till that be made. Speedily enough, accordingly, there has been a Committee of the Constitution got together. Sieyes, old constituent, Constitution-builder by trade; Condorcet, fit for better things; Deputy Paine, foreign Benefactor of the Species, with the black beaming eyes; Herault de Sechelles, Ex-Parlementier, one of the handsomest men in France,—these, with inferior guild-brethren, are girt cheerfully to the work."

HON. JOHN JAMES INGALLS:—"I have an idea that Paine was one of the great apostles of human liberty, and that he did much to emancipate mankind from the shackles of ancient prejudice and error."

FRANCIS E. ABBOT:—"Thomas Paine was one of the noblest and most unselfish of men, and one to whom America owes an eternal debt of gratitude. His services in the cause of our national liberty and independence were incalculable; and his services to religious liberty were no less. His 'Age of Reason' was one of the greatest historic blows ever struck for freedom. Paine's name ought to be written in letters of gold in the roll of the world's heroes."

WILLIAM COBBETT:—"I saw Paine first pointing the way, and then leading a nation through difficulties of all sorts to independence, and to lasting liberty, prosperity, and greatness.

"In principles of finance, Mr. Paine was deeply skilled; and to his very great and rare talents as a writer he added an uncommon degree of experience in the concerns of paper money.

“Old Age having laid his hand upon this truly great man, this truly philosophical politician, at his expiring flambeau I lighted my taper.”

THOMAS CAMPBELL:—“I may be reminded there was such a man as Thomas Paine, and that he strongly answered at the bar of public opinion all the arguments of Burke. I do not deny that fact; and I should be sorry if I could be blind, even with tears in my eyes for Mackintosh, to the services that have been rendered to the cause of truth by the shrewdness and courage of Thomas Paine.”

LORD ERSKINE:—“In that great and calamitous conflict, Edmund Burke and Thomas Paine fought in the same field together, but with very different success. Mr. Burke spoke to a Parliament in England, such as Sir George Saville describes it, having no ears but for sounds that flattered its corruptions. Mr. Paine, on the other hand, spoke to the people, reasoned with them, told them they were bound by no subjection to any sovereignty further than their own benefit connected them; and, by these powerful arguments, prepared the minds of the American people for that glorious, just, and happy Revolution.”

MADAME ROLAND:—“Among the persons I was in the habit of receiving, . . . Paine deserves to be mentioned. Declared a French citizen, as one of those celebrated foreigners whom the nation ought with eagerness to adopt, he was known by writings which had been useful in the American Revolution, and might have contributed to produce one in England.”

“ The boldness of his conceptions, the originality of his style, the striking truths which he boldly throws out in the midst of those whom they offend, must necessarily have produced great effects.”

GEORGE WASHINGTON:—“ One who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works.”

“ By private letters which I have lately received from Virginia, I find that ‘ Common Sense’ is working a powerful change there in the minds of many men.”

“ That his ‘ Common Sense’ and many of his ‘ Crisis’ were well-timed, and had a happy effect on the public mind, none, I believe, who will turn to the epocha at which they were published, will deny.”

JOHN ADAMS:—“ It has been very generally propagated throughout the continent that I wrote the pamphlet, ‘ Common Sense.’ I could not have written in so manly and striking a style.”

“ His sentiments of the abilities of America, and of the difficulty of a reconciliation with Great Britain, are generally approved.”

“ Washington’s sword would have been wielded in vain had it not been supported by the pen of Paine.”

THOMAS JEFFERSON:—“ You ask my opinion of Lord Bolingbroke and Thomas Paine. They were alike in making bitter enemies of the priests and pharisees of their day. Both were honest men; both advocates for human liberty. . . . These two persons differed remarkably in the style of their writings, each leaving a

model of what is most perfect in both extremes of the simple and the sublime. No writer has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language."

"I am in hopes you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living."

JAMES MADISON:—"Whether a greater disposition to reward patriotic and distinguished exertions of genius will be found on any succeeding occasion, is not for me to predetermine. Should it finally appear that the merits of the man, whose writings have so much contributed to infuse and foster the spirit of independence in the people of America, are unable to inspire them with a just beneficence, the world, it is to be feared, will give us as little credit for our policy as for our gratitude in this particular."

JAMES MONROE:—"It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own Revolution, and the difficult scenes through which they had passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I hope never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important

services in our Revolution, but as being, on a more extensive scale, the friend of human rights, and a distinguished and able advocate in favor of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine the Americans are not, nor can they be, indifferent."

DR. LADD:—

“ Long live the man, in early contest found,
Who spoke his heart when dastards trembled round;
Who, fired with more than Greek or Roman rage,
Flashed truth on tyrants from his manly page!
Immortal Paine! whose pen surprised we saw
Could fashion empires while it kindled awe.”

GEN. WILLIAM A. STOKES:—“ When ‘ Common Sense ’ was published a great blow was struck: it was felt from New England to the Carolinas; it resounded throughout the world.”

“ Paine’s brawny arm applied the torch which set the country in a flame, to be extinguished only by the relinquishment of British supremacy; and for this, irrespective of his motives and character, he merits the gratitude of every American.”

REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY:—“ Thomas Paine was a devout believer in God and immortality, and died with the expression of that faith on his lips.”

“ All efforts to stain the good name of Thomas Paine have recoiled on those who made them, like poisoned arrows shot against a strong wind. In his life, in his justice, in his truth, in his adherence to high principles, in his disinterestedness, I look in vain for a parallel in those times and in these times. I am selecting my words.

I know I am to be held accountable for them. So disinterested was he, that, when his works were printed by the ten thousand, and as fast as one edition was out another was demanded, he, a poor and pinched author, who might very easily have grown rich, would not accept one cent for them, declared that he would not coin his principles, and made to the States a present of the copy-rights. His brain was his fortune, — nay, his living; he gave it all to American Independence."

JUDGE HERTTELL: — "No man in modern ages has done more to benefit mankind, or distinguished himself more for the immense moral good he has effected for his species, than Thomas Paine, who in truth merits eternal life, and doubtless will be immortalized in the memory and gratitude of future generations of happy beings, who will continue to hymn his praises and make his merits known to the remotest posterity."

PROF. RAWSON: — "Paine felt and acted on the principle of the ancient Greeks, whose rule was reason and taste, in brilliant contrast to those who act merely from intuition. His portrait here before us indicates a man of great power of observation and strong natural instincts. These were used in the best interests of humanity, and I have often wondered why his name has been so bitterly attacked."

"More men like Paine are wanted, and will appear from time to time, until the whole human race have grown in intelligence, reason, and taste, — until despotism will be no longer possible anywhere, but the true spirit of Christ

will fill every man's head and heart, and bind all men into one brotherhood."

REV. SOLOMON SOUTHWICK:—"No page in history, stained as it is with treachery and falsehood, or cold-blooded indifference to right or wrong, exhibits a more disgraceful instance of public ingratitude than that which Thomas Paine experienced from an age and country which he had so faithfully served."

"Did not those who feared his talents make his religion a pretext not only to treat him with cold neglect, but to strip him, if possible, of every laurel he had won in the political field as the brilliant, undaunted, and successful advocate of freedom?"

"Had Thomas Paine been a Grecian or Roman patriot in olden times, and performed the same services as he did for this country, he would have had the honor of an Apotheosis. The Pantheon would have been opened to him, and we should at this day regard his memory with the same veneration that we do that of Socrates and Cicero. But posterity will do him justice. Time, that destroys envy and establishes truth, will clothe his character in the habiliments that justly belong to it."

PROF. M. N. WRIGHT:—"It is said Thomas Paine was an Infidel. Infidel to what? Infidel to justice? to truth? to human rights? In all these he was a most devout believer. Infidel to the right of king and priest, by 'divine right,' to crush out the reason and conscience, and trample upon the liberties, of their fellow-men, he certainly was; but in devotion to his highest convictions

of truth, justice, and duty,—in faith in the triumph of liberty over tyranny, of truth over error,—he will always stand as an illustrious example of that higher reverence, that diviner faith of the incoming religion,—a religion based in the common wants of a common humanity.”

HUGH BYRON BROWN:—“I am no hero-worshipper. My motto has ever been, ‘Principles, not men.’ Still there are a few great men who, like mile-stones along the road of progress, are so distinguished and prominent, and who have so influenced the destinies of nations, as to mark an epoch in the world’s history. . . . Such a man was Thomas Paine.”

“Like the stormy petrel, Paine was ever to be found in the storms of revolution.”

“His free lance was ever at the service of the poor and oppressed, but never to be bought by favors of the court, or awed by the menaces of kings or the anathemas of priests.”

HORACE SEAVER:—“To us, Thomas Paine appears as one of the master-minds of the earth; and his writings are a noble monument to the loftiness of his aims, the brilliancy of his genius, the wealth of benevolence in his heart, and the breadth and power of his intellect.”

GEORGE LEGG HENDERSON:—“The time is not far distant when all the world shall recognize in Thomas Paine the martyr, the hero, the man,—when they who have, by word or deed, attempted to blacken his fair name, shall hide their heads, and cause humanity to blush for their rancor and dishonesty.”

DR. BENNETT:—“ Among the great and good men who have lived before our time, whose fame and reputation I envy, whose character I fain would emulate, — prominent among them, stands our moral hero, Thomas Paine, a bright, radiant star in the galaxy of Free-thought, mental liberty, and love of the human race, whose effulgence will never be dimmed, and whose clear light may be safely followed through all the years to come.”

“ His was a brave and fearless nature, and he dared to oppose equally the tyranny of crowned heads and mitred brows.”

“ ‘ Common Sense ’ was the war-cry which led a young nation to birth and to victory.”

“ His ‘ Age of Reason ’ stands to-day like a lighthouse on the dangerous reefs on a hazardous coast, to show the watchful mariner what rocks to shun, what maelstroms to avoid.”

“ Does a man with such a brilliant career, one having made such a magnificent record, and one to whom the country owes far more than it can ever pay, deserve to have his name maligned, his memory blackened, and all his actions and motives belied and misrepresented? Is it honorable, is it manly, is it just?”

WILLIAM WARE COTTER:—

“ Let libellers’ gall-venomous tongues
 Make bitter every word they speak;
Time will disclose the patriot’s wrongs,
 And blanch with shame the slanderer’s cheek.”

REV. DAVID SWING:—“ He was one of the best and grandest men that ever trod the planet.”

CHARLES PHILLIPS: — “Among these, there was one whom I could not help viewing with peculiar admiration, because, by the sole power of surprising genius, he had surmounted the disadvantages of birth and the difficulties of fortune. It was the celebrated Thomas Paine, a man who, no matter what may be the difference of opinion as to his principles, must ever remain a proud example of mind, unpatronized and unsupported, eclipsing the factitious beams of rank and wealth and pedigree. I never saw him in his captivity, or heard the revilings by which he has since been assailed, without cursing in my heart that ungenerous feeling which, cold to the necessities of genius, is clamorous in the publication of its defects.

“ Ye great ones of his nation ! ye pretended moralists, so forward now to cast your interested indignation upon the memory of Paine ! — where were you in the day of his adversity ? Which of you, to assist his infant merit, would diminish even the surplus of your debaucheries ? Where the mitred charity, the practical religion ? Consistent declaimers, rail on ! What though his genius was the gift of Heaven, his heart the altar of friendship ! What though wit and eloquence and anecdote flowed freely from his tongue, while Conviction made her voice his messenger ! What though thrones trembled, and prejudice fled, and freedom came, at his command ! He dared to question the creed which you, believing, contradicted, and to despise the rank which you, boasting of, debased.”

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: — “A statue of gold ought to be erected to you in every city in the universe ! I assure you that I always sleep with the ‘ Rights of Man ’ beneath my pillow.”

ANDREW JACKSON:—“ Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands ; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. The ‘ Rights of Man ’ will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite man can erect.”

PROF. WILLIAM DENTON:—“ Thomas Paine, the patriot, whose pen accomplished more for American liberty than the sword of Washington ! ”

S. H. PRESTON:—“ He was one of the chief grand-leaders of the world’s vanguard of reformers,—one of the serene grand-generals of the hosts of intellect. He shed light, not blood ; he destroyed ignorance, not armies ; he was a conqueror for the sake of truth, not of glory.”

“ He who will live forever in the history of this republic as the author-hero of the Revolution ; he who consecrated a long, laborious life in both hemispheres to the sacred cause of humanity ; he who, in his sublime patriotism, adopted the world for his country, and who, in his boundless philanthropy, embraced all mankind for his brethren ; this man, to whom America is more indebted than to any other man that ever trod this continent ; this man — this great, and grand, and good, and heroic man — has been robbed of honor and reputation, and blackened and hunted by the sleuth-hounds of superstition, as though he had been the embodied curse of earth.”

“ But, so sure as the affairs of men have an eternal destiny, shall justice be awarded Thomas Paine. The flowers of poesy will be woven in amaranthine wreaths

above his last resting-place, and his once-blackened name will whiten with purity through all the wasteless years."

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL:—"The time has come when the American people should have the manliness and the honor to do justice to the memory of Thomas Paine."

"He was one of the intellectual heroes,—one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the Great Republic. As long as free government exists, he will be remembered, admired, and honored."

"Thomas Paine was the foremost man in lighting the fires of liberty in the hearts of our fathers; and in the midnight of Valley Forge, his 'Crisis' was the only star that glittered in the wide horizon of despair."

"Thomas Paine made it impossible to write the history of human liberty with his name left out. He was one of the creators of light. He was one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated slavery in the name of God with every drop of his noble blood."

"I enjoy myself when I think how free I am, and I thank this man for it. When I think of that, the whole horizon is full of glory, and joy comes to me in every ray of sunshine and every rustle of the winds."

"He died surrounded by those who hated and despised him,—who endeavored to wring from the lips of death a recantation. But, dying as he was, his soul stood erect to the last moment. Nothing like a recantation could be wrung from the brave lips of Thomas Paine."

“I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word, in favor of tyranny,—in favor of immorality; one line, one word, against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word, against justice, charity, or liberty.”

“If to love your fellow-men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good.

“If to be in advance of your time, to be a pioneer in the direction of right, is greatness, Thomas Paine was great.

“If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero.”

“He died in the land his genius defended, under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander cannot touch him now; hatred cannot reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars.”

Such is the testimony I bring in defence of Thomas Paine; such are the loving and eloquent tributes bestowed in honor of the mighty dead. And now, gentle reader, in the face of all this evidence, do you still believe this man to have been a fiend? And you, Reverend Sir, who have assisted in perpetuating these base slanders, honestly believing them to be truths,—will you still persist in publishing them to the world, or will you have the manliness to say, as a Methodist clergyman once said, “Thomas Paine is the worst-slandered man that ever

lived, and I have ignorantly helped to slander him"? I have sufficient confidence in your integrity to believe that you will do him justice.

But you, vile wretch! who, destitute of honor and incapable of shame, have knowingly traduced this great man's character,—you will continue to spit your venom, and — go on. Yes, heartless monster! do your worst! Summon to your aid each hideous ally! Let Ignorance array her countless hosts; let the dark shades of Prejudice becloud the sky; let Hatred rave and curse; let the darts of Calumny strike thick and fast against the fair, white breast of Truth, and Slander clothe the tongues of all your minions! You strive in vain. The Crisis is past, the Age of Reason has dawned, Common Sense is fast taking the place of superstition, the Rights of Man are bound to triumph, and the author-hero's name will gather lustre with each passing year.

“The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil,
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built,
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.

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“But never a truth has been destroyed.
They may curse it, and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time:
But the sunshine, aye, shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.”

Ungrateful Athens bade her savior drain the poisoned cup. It did its work,—the spark of life was quenched; but the name of Socrates shines on, undimmed by the flight of more than twenty centuries. Columbus languished in chains, forged by the nation he had made renowned; but no chains can bind the towering fame his genius won. Religious zealots closed a poor old captive’s mouth; but could they stop the revolving earth? could they control the mighty tide of scientific thought? No! the earth went round, the wave rolled on. To-day, the very church that persecuted Galileo reveres his name, accepts his teachings; and through his telescope—the instrument she once condemned—her votaries, with eager eyes and anxious hearts, explore the starry fields of heaven. It is ever so:—

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;”

each fierce Thermopylæ she meets but proves the inspiration for some crowning Salamis. The wrongs of Thomas Paine shall be avenged. In vain his country passed to him the bitter cup of sorrow;

the fetters forged to chain his noble spirit to the dust were forged for naught; loving lips whisper, "It still moves." Yes, onward moves the soul of Paine, and its resistless march is seen and felt on every side. Down through the future let it take its ceaseless course; and it, "reverberating through time like thunder through the sky, shall, in the distance far away, waken the slumbering ages."

APPENDIX.

SPEECH OF THOMAS PAINE BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF FRANCE.

[It is not because of its calm reasoning and simple eloquence that this address is here appended, but because the delivery of it constituted the most heroic act in the life of one of the world's truest heroes.

To realize the extreme peril in which Paine voluntarily placed himself in opposing the execution of Louis XVI., it is only necessary to contemplate the cruel fate which befell those who stood with him on the side of mercy, and which, but for the merest chance, had befallen him also. The various factions had resolved upon the death of the king at all hazards; and, inspired by such leaders as Robespierre, the terrible Danton, the fiery Marat, St. Just, Couthon, and the Duke of Orleans, there were assembled here the worst characters that France could produce,—hired assassins, fresh from the September massacre, whose garments were still reeking with the blood and brains of the three thousand unarmed prisoners whom they had savagely butchered. “We vote,” protested Lanjuinais, when the balloting commenced, “under the daggers and the cannon of the factions!” In this perilous position, Paine thus addressed the Convention :—]

CITIZEN PRESIDENT,—

My hatred and abhorrence of absolute monarchy are sufficiently known. They originated in principles of reason and conviction; nor, except with life, can they ever be extirpated. But my compassion for the unfortunate, whether friend or enemy, is equally lively and sincere.

I voted that Louis should be tried, because it was necessary to afford proofs to the world of the perfidy, corruption, and abomination of the French Government.

The infinity of evidence that has been produced exposes them in the most glaring and hideous colors. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that, if Louis Capet had been born in an obscure condition; had he lived within the circle of an amiable and respectable neighborhood, at liberty to practise the duties of domestic life,—had he been thus situated, I cannot believe that he would have shown himself destitute of social virtues. We are, in a moment of fermentation like this, naturally little indulgent to his vices, or rather to those of his government. We regard them with additional horror and indignation; not that they are more heinous than those of his predecessors, but because our eyes are now open, and the veil of delusion at length withdrawn. Yet the lamentably degraded state to which he is actually reduced is surely far less imputable to him than to the Constituent Assembly, which of its own authority, without consent or advice of the people, restored him to the throne.

I was present at the time of the flight or abdication of Louis XVI., and when he was taken and brought back. The proposal of restoring to him the supreme power struck me with amazement; and although at that time I was not a citizen, yet, as a citizen of the world, I employed all the efforts that depended on me to prevent it.

A small society, composed only of five persons,—two of whom are now members of the Convention,—took at that time the name of The Republican Club (Société Républicaine). This society opposed the restoration of Louis, not so much on account of his personal offences as in order to overthrow monarchy, and to erect on its ruins the republican system and an equal representation.

With this design, I traced out, in the English language, certain propositions, which were translated, with some trifling alteration, and signed by Achilles Duchelclet, Lieutenant-General in the army of the French Republic, and at that time one of the five members which composed our little party; the law requiring the signature of a citizen at the bottom of each printed paper.

The paper was indignantly torn by Malouet, and brought

forth in this very room as an article of accusation against the person who had signed it, the author, and their adherents ; but such is the revolution of events that this paper is now revived and brought forth for a very opposite purpose.

To remind the nation of the error of that unfortunate day, — that fatal error of not having then banished Louis XVI. from its bosom, — the paper in question was conceived, in the following terms ; and I bring it forward this day to plead in favor of his exile preferably to his death : —

“ *Brethren and Fellow-citizens*, — The serene tranquillity, the mutual confidence, which prevailed amongst us during the time of the late king’s escape, the indifference with which we beheld him return, are unequivocal proofs that the absence of the king is more desirable than his presence ; and that he is not only a political superfluity, but a grievous burden pressing hard on the whole nation.

“ Let us not be imposed on by sophisms : all that concerns this man is reduced to four points. He has abdicated the throne in having fled from his post. Abdication and desertion are not characterized by length of absence, but by the single act of flight. In the present instance, the act is everything, and the time nothing.

“ The nation can never give back its confidence to a man who, false to his trust, perjured to his oath, conspires a clandestine flight, obtains a fraudulent passport, conceals a king of France under the disguise of a valet, directs his course towards a frontier covered with traitors and deserters, and evidently meditates a return into our country with a force capable of imposing his own despotic laws. Ought his flight to be considered as his own act, or the act of those who fled with him ? Was it a spontaneous resolution of his own, or was it inspired into him by others ? The alternative is immaterial : whether fool or hypocrite, idiot or traitor, he has proved himself equally unworthy of the vast and important functions that had been delegated to him.

“ In every sense that the question can be considered, the reciprocal obligations which subsisted between us are dissolved. He holds no longer authority ; we owe him no longer obedience ; we see in him no more than an indifferent person ; we can regard him only as Louis Capet.

“ The history of France presents little else than a long series of public calamity, which takes its source from the vices of her kings : we have been the wretched victims that have never ceased to suffer either for them or by them. The catalogue of their oppressions was complete ; but, to complete the sum of their crimes, treason was yet wanting. Now the only vacancy is filled up ; the dreadful list is full ; the system is exhausted ; there are no remaining errors for them to commit ; their reign is consequently at an end.

“ As to the personal safety of Mr. Louis Capet, it is so much the more confirmed, as France will not stop to degrade herself by a spirit of revenge against a wretch who has dishonored himself. In defending a just and glorious cause, it is not possible to degrade it ; and the universal tranquillity which prevails is an undeniable proof that a free people know how to respect themselves.”

Having thus explained the principles and exertions of the Republicans at that fatal period when Louis was reinstated in full possession of the executive power which by his flight had been suspended, I return to the subject, and to the deplorable condition in which the man is now actually involved. What was neglected, at the time of which I have been speaking, has been since brought about by the force of necessity.

The wilful, treacherous defects in the former Constitution had been brought to light ; the continual alarm of treason and conspiracy roused the nation, and produced eventually a second revolution. The people have beaten down royalty, never, never to rise again ; they have brought Louis Capet to the bar, and demonstrated, in the face of the whole world, the intrigues, the cabals, the

falsehood, corruption, and rooted depravity of his government: there remains, then, only one question to be considered, — What is to be done with this man?

For myself, I freely confess that, when I reflect on the unaccountable folly that restored the executive power to his hands, all covered as he was with perjuries and treason, I am far more ready to condemn the Constituent Assembly than the unfortunate prisoner, Louis Capet.

But, abstracted from every other consideration, there is one circumstance in his life which ought to cover, or at least to palliate, a great number of his transgressions; and this very circumstance affords the French nation a blessed occasion of extricating itself from the yoke of its kings without defiling itself in the impurities of their blood.

It is to France alone, I know, that the United States of America owe that support which enabled them to shake off an unjust and tyrannical yoke. The ardor and zeal which she displayed to provide both men and money were the natural consequences of a thirst for liberty. But as the nation at that time, restrained by the shackles of her own government, could only act by means of a monarchical organ, this organ, whatever in other respects the object might be, certainly performed a good, a great action.

Let, then, these United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn, from the constant aspect of public prosperity, that the true system of government consists in fair, equal, and honorable representation. In relating this circumstance, and in submitting this proposition, I consider myself as a citizen of both countries.

I submit it as a citizen of America who feels the debt of gratitude which he owes to every Frenchman. I submit it also as a man who cannot forget that kings are subject to human frailties. I support my proposition as a citizen of the French Republic, because it appears to me the best, the most politic measure that can be adopted.

As far as my experience in public life extends, I have ever observed that the great mass of the people are invariably just, both in their intentions and in their objects ; but the true method of accomplishing that effect does not always show itself in the first instance. For example, the English nation had groaned under the despotism of the Stuarts. Hence Charles the First lost his life ; yet Charles the Second was restored to all the full plenitude of power which his father had lost. Forty years had not expired when the same family strove to re-establish their ancient oppression : so the nation then banished from its territories the whole race. The remedy was effectual : the Stuart family sunk into obscurity, confounded itself with the multitude, and is at length extinct.

The French nation has carried her measures of government to a greater length. France is not satisfied with exposing the guilt of the monarch : she has penetrated into the vices and horrors of the monarchy. She has shown them clear as daylight, and forever crushed that system ; and he, whoever he may be, that should ever dare to reclaim those rights, would be regarded, not as a pretender, but punished as a traitor.

Two brothers of Louis Capet have banished themselves from the country, but they are obliged to comply with the spirit and etiquette of the courts where they reside. They can advance no pretensions on their own account so long as Louis shall live.

The history of monarchy in France was a system pregnant with crimes and murders, cancelling all natural ties, even those by which brothers are united. We know how often they have assassinated each other to pave a way to power. As those hopes which the Emigrants had reposed in Louis XVI. are fled, the last that remains rests upon his death ; and their situation inclines them to desire this catastrophe, that they may once again rally round a more active chief, and try one further effort under the fortune of the *ci-devant* Monsieur and d'Artois. That such an enterprise would precipitate them into a new abyss of calamity and disgrace, it is not difficult to foresee. Yet it might

be attended with mutual loss; and it is our duty, as legislators, not to spill a drop of blood when our purpose may be effectually accomplished without it. It has been already proposed to abolish the punishment of death, and it is with infinite satisfaction that I recollect the humane and excellent oration pronounced by Robespierre on that subject in the Constituent Assembly. This cause must find its advocates in every corner where enlightened politicians and lovers of humanity exist; and it ought, above all, to find them in this Assembly.

Bad governments have trained the human race, and inured it to the sanguinary arts and refinements of punishment; and it is exactly the same punishment, that has so long shocked the sight and tormented the patience of the people, which now, in their turn, they practise in revenge on their oppressors.

But it becomes us to be strictly on our guard against the abomination and perversity of such examples. As France has been the first of European nations to amend her government, let her also be the first to abolish the punishment of death, and to find out a milder and more effectual substitute.

In the particular case now under consideration, I submit the following propositions: 1st, That the National Convention shall pronounce the sentence of banishment on Louis and his family; 2d, That Louis Capet shall be detained in prison till the end of the war, and then the sentence of banishment to be executed.

THE WILL OF THOMAS PAINE.

*The people of the State of New York, by the grace of God
free and independent, to all to whom these presents shall
come or may concern,* SEND GREETING.

Know ye that the annexed is a true copy of the will of Thomas Paine, deceased, as recorded in the office of our Surrogate in and for the city and county of New York. In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of office of our said Surrogate to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, Silvanus Miller, Esq., Surrogate of said county, at the city of New York, the twelfth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and nine, and of our independence the thirty-fourth.

SILVANUS MILLER.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ME, THE SUBSCRIBER,
THOMAS PAINE.

Reposing confidence in my Creator, God, and in no other being (for I know of no other, nor believe in any other), I, Thomas Paine, of the State of New York, author of the work entitled "Common Sense," written in Philadelphia in 1775, and published in that city the beginning of January, 1776 (which awaked America to a Declaration of Independence on the fourth of July following, which was as fast as the work could spread through such an extensive country); author also of the several numbers of the "American Crisis," sixteen in all, published occasionally during the progress of the Revolutionary War (the last is on the peace); author also of the "Rights of Man," Parts the First and Second, written and published in London in 1791 and '92; author also of a work on religion, "Age of Reason," Parts the First and Second (N.B., I have a Third Part by me in manuscript, and an

answer to the Bishop of Landaff) ; author also of a work, lately published, entitled " Examination of the Passages in the New Testament Quoted from the Old, and called Prophecies Concerning Jesus Christ," and showing there are no prophecies of any such person ; author also of several other works not here enumerated, " Dissertations on the First Principles of Government," " Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance," " Agrarian Justice," etc., etc., — make this my last will and testament : that is to say, I give and bequeath to my executors hereinafter appointed, Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, thirty shares I hold in the New York Phœnix Insurance Company, which cost me 1470 dollars (they are worth now upwards of 1500 dollars), and all my movable effects, and also the money that may be in my trunk or elsewhere at the time of my decease, paying thereout the expenses of my funeral, in trust as to the said shares, movables, and money, for Margaret Brazier Bonneville, wife of Nicholas Bonneville, of Paris, for her sole and separate use, and at her own disposal, notwithstanding her coverture. As to my farm in New Rochelle, I give, devise, and bequeath the same to my said executors, Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, and to the survivor of them, his heirs and assigns forever, in trust, nevertheless, to sell and dispose of the north side thereof, now in the occupation of Andrew A. Dean, beginning at the west end of the orchard and running, in a line with the land sold to —— Coles, to the end of the farm ; and to apply the money arising from such sale as hereinafter directed. I give to my friends, Walter Morton, of the New York Phœnix Insurance Company, and Thomas Addis Emmet, counsellor-at-law, late of Ireland, two hundred dollars each, and one hundred dollars to Mrs. Palmer, widow of Elihu Palmer, late of New York, to be paid out of the money arising from said sale ; and I give the remainder of the money arising from that sale, one-half thereof to Clio Rickman, of High or Upper Mary-labone Street, London, and the other half to Nicholas Bonneville, of Paris, husband of Margaret B. Bonneville

aforesaid ; and as to the south part of said farm, containing upward of one hundred acres, in trust, to rent out the same or otherwise put it to profit, as shall be found most advisable, and to pay the rents and profit thereof to the said Margaret B. Bonneville, in trust for her children, Benjamin Bonneville and Thomas Bonneville, their education and maintenance, until they come to the age of twenty-one years, in order that she may bring them well up, give them good and useful learning, and instruct them in their duty to God and the practise of morality,—the rent of the land, or the interest of the money for which it may be sold, as hereinafter mentioned, to be employed in their education ; and after the youngest of the said children shall have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, in further trust, to convey the same to the said children, share and share alike, in fee simple. But if it shall be thought advisable by my executors and executrix, or the survivor or survivors of them, at any time before the youngest of said children shall come of age, to sell and dispose of the said south side of the said farm,—in that case I hereby authorize and empower my said executors to sell and dispose of the same ; and I direct that the money arising from such sale be put into stock, either in the United States Bank stock or New York Phoenix Insurance Company stock, the interest or dividends thereof to be applied, as is already directed, for the education and maintenance of the said children, and the principal to be transferred to the said children, or the survivor of them, on his or their coming of age. I know not if the society of people called Quakers admit a person to be buried in their burying-ground who does not belong to their society ; but if they do, or will admit me, I would prefer being buried there : my father belonged to that profession, and I was partly brought up in it. But, if it is not consistent with their rules to do this, I desire to be buried on my farm at New Rochelle ; the place where I am to be buried to be a square of twelve feet, to be enclosed with rows of trees and a stone or post and railed fence, with a headstone with my name and age engraved upon it,

author of "Common Sense." I nominate, constitute, and appoint Walter Morton, of the New York *Phœnix* Insurance Company, and Thomas Addis Emmet, counsellor-at-law, late of Ireland, and Margaret B. Bonneville, my executors and executrix to this my last will and testament, requesting them, the said Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, that they will give what assistance they conveniently can to Mrs. Bonneville, and see that the children be well brought up. Thus placing confidence in their friendship, I herewith take my final leave of them and of the world. I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good; and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator, God.

Dated this eighteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and nine; and I have also signed my name to the other sheet of this will in testimony of its being a part thereof.

THOMAS PAINE. [L. S.]

Signed, sealed, and published and declared by the testator in our presence, who, at his request and in the presence of each other, have set our names as witnesses thereto, the words "published and declared" first interlined.

WILLIAM KEESE.
JAMES ANGEVINE.
CORNELIUS RYDER

—♦—

SPEECH OF MR. SAMPSON ON THE TRIAL OF JAMES CHEETHAM.

[One of the most devoted friends of Paine in France was Nicholas Bonneville. Bonneville was in affluent circumstances, and edited a Republican paper in Paris; but, on the accession of Bonaparte to the supreme power, his paper was suppressed and his fortune ruined. With characteristic gratitude, Paine offered to Bonneville and his family an asylum in America, and at his death bequeathed to them the greater portion of his estate. Cheetham made this generous act the basis of an atrocious cal-

umny, published in his "Life of Paine," reflecting upon the honor of Madame Bonneville. Suit was promptly brought against Cheetham, which resulted in his conviction and punishment. The following extracts from the speech of Mr. Sampson, on his trial, justly characterize the author and his infamous work:—]

In every other grief than that which this historian has inflicted on her, the innocent find comfort; for innocence is, in all other wrongs against all other strokes of man's injustice or oppression, a sevenfold shield. Not so where woman's honor is assailed: suspicion there is worse than death itself. It is that for which alone the innocent wife of Cæsar was repudiated. The man who dares attack it is, of all other criminals, the greatest. If he be not a traitor, it is for this alone that he is worse. For many a man has suffered as a traitor, whom after-ages have revered and honored. But never was he who set his cloven hoof upon a woman's honor worthy the name of man.

[Here the defendant rose and claimed the protection of the court, not so much with a desire to prevent the range of the ingenious counsel as to prevent the utterance of personalities, that it would not be prudent, perhaps, to repeat out of court.

While the defendant was addressing the court, the counsel calmly advanced, and, taking a pinch of snuff, modestly observed that what he was doing was in court, and what was to be done out of court was not to be talked of here. Then, pointing to the defendant, and casting a significant look upon him, he proceeded.]

This unrighteous man has, by this very movement of his choler, justified all that I can ever say. If he complains of personalities,—he who is hardened in every gross abuse; he who lives reviling and reviled; who might construct himself a monument with no other materials but those records to which he is a party, and in which he stands enrolled as an offender,—if he cannot sit still to hear his accusation, but calls for the protection of the court against a counsel whose duty it is to make his crimes appear, how does she deserve protection whom he has driven to the sad necessity of coming here to

vindicate her honor from those personalities which he has lavished on her?

But it is well, and I am glad that I was interrupted; for the very evil genius that waits upon his life has here, for once, worked to an honest end. For, while my voice was almost choked with crowding truths struggling for utterance, and while the swell of honest indignation rose even to suffocation, he came forward and pointed my attention to that subject which first deserved rebuke.

I had said that, in the catalogue of crimes, none could be found more base than his. Not treason, for the reasons I have given; not murder, for he who murders life murders all sorrow with it. But he has doomed this lady to days of sorrow and to a lingering death. The pirate meets his foe or seeks his prey where death and danger stare him in the face; and, when he falls before the sword of justice, some sympathy may mingle with his shame, and men regret that one so brave in manly enterprise should fall so ignominiously. But here is an attack upon a woman far from her husband's side, from friends and home, whose infant sons are yet too tender to avenge their mother's wrongs. The forger, who counterfeits some instrument to cheat you of your money, for that crime spins out his wretched days in hard captivity, in infamy and labor: will you compare his crime with that of one who, by his *fabricated histories*, pilfers from helpless woman the only precious jewel which she prizes,—her more than life, her all,—her spotless honor? That which the robber or the thief purloins may be retrieved, or may be spared; but not the worth of twenty thousand beings such as the libeller, were he worth twenty thousand times as much as ever he will be, reform how he may, would pay the twenty-thousandth part of that which he has taken.

There was a monastery where deadly crimes were expiated called La Trappe: when sinners entered it they made a terrible vow of everlasting silence, and from that awful moment never uttered a word, and daily with their nails dug their own graves. When the midnight bell tolled them to prayer, they left their solitary cells, and

moved with noiseless step through gloomy cloisters and whispering aisles, with downcast look, turning their rosaries, but never spoke. Such is the penitence, such the everlasting silence, that would become the ruthless slanderer of woman's honor. It is argued that everything should be intended in favor of this defendant, who has written so godly a work against the prince of deists and for the Holy Gospel. I am sorry to hear such arguments advanced ; they go almost to burlesque religion itself. He a man of God ! He write for the love of God ! His book a godly book, — *a vile, obscene, and filthy compilation, which bears throughout the character of rancorous malice, and tramples upon every Christian charity!* Libel an innocent woman, lie and calumniate, for the sake of Christianity ! If this be the only godly deed this man has done, I pray to Heaven to be more merciful to him than he has been to Mrs. Bonneville, and that for this very work of godliness he be not damned.

COBBETT'S HISTORY OF THE RECANTATION CALUMNY.

IT is a part of the business of a press sold to the cause of corruption to calumniate those, dead or alive, who have most effectually labored against that cause ; and, as Paine was the most powerful and effectual of those laborers, so to calumniate him has been an object of their peculiar attention and care. Among other things said against this famous man is, that he recanted before he died ; and that in his last illness he discovered horrible fears of death. This is, to be sure, a very good answer to what these same persons say about his hardened Infidelity. But it is a pure, unadulterated falsehood. This falsehood, which I shall presently trace to its origin (the heart of a profound hypocrite), was cried about the streets of Liverpool when I landed there in November last.

Thence it found its way to the grand receptacle and distributor of falsehood and calumny, the London press, which has sent it all over this kingdom. One country paper, however, pre-eminent in all that is foul and mean, affects to possess original matter and authentic information on the subject; and, indeed, it pledges itself for the character of the gentleman from whom it says it has received the pretended authentic account. The country paper I allude to is the "Norwich Mercury," printed and published by one Burks.

The "Norwich Mercury" did not imagine that any one would take the pains to expose this tissue of falsehoods. In the first place, why does he not name his "gentleman" of such excellent character? How these informers skulk! Mr. Burks can pledge himself for the character of the gentleman informer; but where are we to get a pledge for the character of Mr. Burks, who, if we are to judge from this act of his, stands in need of very good sponsors?

Let us look a little at the internal evidence of the falsehood of the story. Mr. Paine possessed at his death an unencumbered estate of two hundred and fifty acres of land, not more than twenty miles from New York. He possessed a considerable sum besides. These he left by will. Will any one believe that he was, on his dying-bed, in the want of proper nourishment, and that he was in a deplorable state as to apartments and necessaries? Then was it likely that when a neighbor's maid-servant went to carry him a little present of sweetmeats, or the like, that he would begin a conversation on theology with her? And is it not monstrous to suppose that he would call himself the Devil's agent to her, and not leave behind him any recantation at all, though he had such ample time for doing it, and though this confidant was so ready to receive it and to take care of it? The story is false upon the face of it; and nothing but a simpleton, or something a great deal worse, would have given it circulation and affected to believe it to be true.

I happen to know the origin of this story, and I possess the real original document whence have proceeded the

divers editions of the falsehood, of the very invention of which I was perhaps myself the innocent cause !

About two years ago I, being then on Long Island, published my intention of writing an account of the life, labors, and death of Paine. Soon after this a Quaker of New York, named Charles Collins, made many applications for an interview with me, which at last he obtained. I found that his object was to persuade me that Paine had recanted. I laughed at him and sent him away. But he returned again and again to the charge. He wanted me to promise that I would say that "it was said" that Paine had recanted. "No," said I, "but I will say that you say it, and that you tell a lie, unless you prove the truth of what you say ; and, if you do that, I shall gladly insert the fact." This posed "Friend Charley," whom I suspected to be a most consummate hypocrite. He had a sodden face, a simper, and manœuvred his features precisely like the most perfidious wretch that I have known, or ever read or heard of. He was precisely the reverse of my honest, open, and sincere Quaker friends, the Pauls of Pennsylvania. Friend Charley plied me with remonstrances and reasonings ; but I always answered him, "Give me proof, name persons, state times, state precise words, or I denounce you as a liar." Thus put to his trump, Friend Charley resorted to the aid of a person of his own stamp ; and at last he brought me a paper, containing matter of which the above statement of Mr. Burks is a garbled edition ! This paper, very cautiously and craftily drawn up, contained only the initials of names. This would not do. I made him, at last, put down the full name and the address of the informer,—"Mary Hinsdale, No. 10 Anthony Street, New York." I got this from Friend Charley some time about June last, and had no opportunity of visiting the party till late in October, just before I sailed.

The informer was a Quaker woman, who, at the time of Mr. Paine's last illness, was a servant in the family of Mr. Willet Hicks, an eminent merchant, a man of excellent character, a Quaker, and even, I believe, a Quaker

preacher. Mr. Hicks, a kind and liberal and rich man, visited Mr. Paine in his illness; and from his house, which was near that of Mr. Paine, little nice things (as is the practice in America) were sometimes sent to him, of which this servant, Friend Mary, was the bearer: and this was the way in which the lying cant got into the room of Mr. Paine.

To Friend Mary, therefore, I went on the twenty-sixth of October last, with Friend Charley's paper in my pocket. I found her in a lodging in a back room up one pair of stairs. I knew that I had no common cunning to set my wit against. I began with all the art that I was master of. I had got a prodigiously broad-brimmed hat on. I patted a little child that she had sitting beside her; I called her Friend; and played all the awkward tricks of an undisciplined wheedler. But I was compelled to come quickly to business. She asked, "What's thy name, Friend?" and the moment I said, "William Cobbett," up went her mouth as tight as a purse! Sack-making appeared to be her occupation; and, that I might not extract through her eyes that which she was resolved I should not get out of her mouth, she went and took up a sack and began to sew, and not another look or glance could I get from her.

However, I took out my paper, read it, and, stopping at several points, asked her if it was true. Talk of the Jesuits, indeed! The whole tribe of Loyola, who had shaken so many kingdoms to their base, never possessed the millionth part of the cunning of this drab-colored little woman, whose face, simplicity and innocence seemed to have chosen as the place of their triumph! She shuffled; she evaded; she equivocated; she warded off; she affected not to understand me, not to understand the paper, not to remember: and all this with so much seeming simplicity and single-heartedness, and in a voice so mild, so soft, and so sweet, that, if the Devil had been sitting where I was, he would certainly have jumped up and hugged her to his bosom!

The result was, that it was so long ago that she could

not speak positively to any part of the matter ; that she would not say that any part of the paper was true ; that she had never seen the paper ; and that she had never given Friend Charley (for so she called him) authority to say anything about the matter in her name. I pushed her closely upon the subject of the “ unhappy French female,” — asked her whether she should know her again. “ Oh, no, Friend ! I tell thee that I have no recollection of any person or thing that I saw at Thomas Paine’s house.” The truth is, that the cunning little thing knew that the French lady was at hand, and that detection was easy if she had said that she should know her upon sight.

I had now nothing to do but to bring Friend Charley’s nose to the grindstone. But Charley, though so pious a man and doubtless in great haste to get to everlasting bliss, had moved out of the city for fear of the fever, not liking apparently to go off to the next world in a yellow skin. And thus he escaped me. who sailed from New York in four days afterward. or Charley should have found that there was something else on this side of the grave pretty nearly as troublesome and as dreadful as the yellow fever.

This is, I think, a pretty good instance of the length to which hypocrisy will go. The whole, as far as relates to recantation and to the “ unhappy French female,” is a lie from the beginning to the end. Mr. Paine declares in his last will that he retains all his publicly expressed opinions as to religion. His executors, and many other gentlemen of undoubted veracity, had the same declaration from his dying lips. Mr. Willet Hicks visited him till nearly the last. This gentleman says that there was no change of opinion intimated to him ; and will any man believe that Paine would have withheld from Mr. Hicks that which he was so forward to communicate to Mr. Hicks’ servant-girl ?

Observe, reader, that in this tissue of falsehoods is included a most foul and venomous slander on a woman of virtue and of spotless honor. But hypocrites will stick at nothing. Calumny is their weapon, and a base press is the hand to wield it. Mr. Burks, of Norwich, will not

insert this article, nor will he acknowledge his error. He knows that the calumny which he has circulated has done what he intended it to do; and he, and the "gentleman" for whose character he pledges himself, will wholly disregard good men's contempt, so long as it does not diminish their gains.

This is not at all a question of religion. It is a question of moral truth. Whether Mr. Paine's opinions were correct or erroneous, has nothing to do with this matter.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

The most frantic efforts were made to wring a recantation from Paine before his death. This failed; but, could the public be led to believe that such was the case, the effect would be the same as though he really had recanted. If so distinguished a man as William Cobbett could be convinced that this was true and induced to publish it to the world as a fact, the work would be practically accomplished. Hence the persistent efforts made to have him insert it in his proposed biography.

It must not be supposed that Collins was the prime mover in this undertaking, but merely the hired tool employed in its execution. Mr. Hicks states that he could have had almost any sum had he declared or even intimated that Paine recanted; and it is not unreasonable to believe that Collins was well paid for his services. As to Mary Hinsdale, although Cobbett supposed that she had really visited Paine, Mr. Hicks positively asserts that she never saw him. In the neighborhood where this woman lived she was universally regarded as a low, disreputable character, particularly notorious for her lying propensities.

Such is the history of this infamous calumny. It may appear cruel to thus ruthlessly tear from the evangelist's sermon one of its most effective ornaments: but truth is certainly as high as any creed, even if that creed be true; and a religion that can survive only upon the ruins of dead men's characters better perish.



MANCHESTER RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Manchester Constitutional Society, held this day, it was unanimously

Resolved. That the thanks of this Society are due to Mr. Thomas Paine for the publication of his "Second Part of 'The Rights of Man,' combining Principle and

Practice," — a work of the highest importance to every nation under heaven, but particularly to this, as containing excellent and practical plans for an immediate and considerable reduction of the public expenditure ; for the prevention of wars ; for the extension of our manufactures and commerce ; for the education of the young ; for the comfortable support of the aged ; for the better maintenance of the poor of every description ; and, finally, for lessening greatly, and without delay, the enormous load of taxes under which this country at present labors.

That this Society congratulate their countrymen at large on the influence which Mr. Paine's publications appear to have had in procuring the repeal of some oppressive taxes in the present session of Parliament : and they hope that this adoption of a small part of Mr. Paine's ideas will be followed by the most strenuous exertions to accomplish a complete reform in the present inadequate state of the representation of the people ; and that the other great plans of public benefit, which Mr. Paine has so powerfully recommended, will be speedily carried into effect.

THOMAS WALKER, *President.*
SAMUEL JACKSON, *Secretary.*

MARCH 13, 1792.



SHEFFIELD RESOLUTIONS.

THIS Society (Sheffield Society for Constitutional Information), composed chiefly of the manufacturers of Sheffield, began about four months ago, and is already increased to nearly two thousand members, and is daily increasing, exclusive of the adjacent towns and villages who are forming themselves into similar societies.

Considering, as we do, that the want of knowledge and information, in the general mass of the people, has exposed them to numberless impositions and abuses, the

exertions of this Society are directed to the acquirement of useful knowledge, and to spread the same as far as our endeavors and abilities can extend.

We declare that we have derived more true knowledge from the two works of Mr. Thomas Paine, entitled "Rights of Man," Parts the First and Second, than from any author on the subject. The practice as well as the principle of government is laid down in those works, in a manner so clear and irresistibly convincing, that this Society do hereby resolve to give their thanks to Mr. Paine for his two said publications, entitled "Rights of Man," Parts First and Second.

Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Society be given to Mr. Paine for the affectionate concern he has shown in his second work in behalf of the poor, the infant, and the aged, who, notwithstanding the opulence which blesses other parts of the community, are, by the grievous weight of taxes, rendered the miserable victims of poverty and wretchedness.

By order of the Committee.

DAVID MARTIN, *Chairman.*

MARCH 14, 1792.



ACT OF PENNSYLVANIA GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Whereas, during the late Revolution, and particularly in the most trying and perilous times thereof, many very eminent services were rendered to the people of the United States by Thomas Paine, Esq., accompanied with sundry distinguished instances of fidelity, patriotism, and disinterestedness;

And whereas the said Thomas Paine did, during the whole progress of the Revolution, voluntarily devote himself to the service of the public, without accepting recompense therefor, and, moreover, did decline taking or

receiving the profits which authors are entitled to on the sale of their literary works, but relinquished them for the better accommodation of the country, and for the honor of the public cause ;

And whereas, besides the knowledge which the House has of the services of the said Thomas Paine, the same having been recommended to us by His Excellency the President and the Supreme Executive Council of the State, of the 16th of December last past, and by the friendly offices of the late patriotic Commander-in-chief, General Washington,—

Be it enacted, and it is hereby enacted, by the Representatives of the freemen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and by the authority of the same, that, as a temporary recompense to the said Thomas Paine, and until suitable provision shall be further made, either federally by Congress or otherwise, the Supreme Executive Council be authorized and empowered to draw on the Treasurer of this State for the sum of £500 in favor of and payable to the said Thomas Paine.

Signed, by order of the House,

JOHN BAYARD, *Speaker.*



RESOLUTIONS OF UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

Resolved, That the early, unsolicited, and continued labors of Mr. Thomas Paine, in explaining and enforcing the principles of the late Revolution by ingenious and timely publications upon the nature of liberty and civil government, have been well received by the citizens of these States, and merit the approbation of Congress ; and that, in consideration of these services and the benefits produced thereby, Mr. Paine is entitled to a liberal gratification from the United States.

FRIDAY, August 26, 1785.

Resolved, That the Board of Treasury take order for paying to Mr. Thomas Paine the sum of three thousand dollars, for the considerations mentioned in the resolution of the 26th of August last.

MONDAY, October 3, 1785.

WASHINGTON TO PAINE.

ROCKY HILL, Sept. 10, 1783.

I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown,—whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly glad to see you at it.

Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and, if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself

Your sincere friend,
G. WASHINGTON.



THE AUTHOR-HERO.

READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THOMAS PAINE,
AT ST. LOUIS, JANUARY 29, 1874.

“ When buried heroes come to life,
And speak in memories of the past,
Columbia’s army, in the strife
For liberty, shall not be last;
And, nobly marching with the throng
Who fought and bled for Freedom’s reign,
Shall come the man of thought and song,—
The author-hero, Thomas Paine.

“ When France shall lift her banners fair,
And brighter hopes shall dawn once more,
In counting up her jewels rare
She'll not forget the days of yore.
For when the name of Lafayette
Shall summon others in its train,
There's one she never will forget,—
The author-hero, Thomas Paine.

“ When England's pride shall be to sing
Of those who swell her grand array
More noble yet than lord or king,
Great Nature's aristocracy;
By meed of service fitly done,
By manhood raised in heart and brain,
Recalled shall be her outlawed son,—
The author-hero, Thomas Paine.

“ And when the world shall learn the tale
So finely told by noble deed,
They'll from his memory lift the veil
Now resting on the mighty dead;
And in his place aloft he'll stand,
And priests may howl and curse in vain;
For Truth and Justice, hand in hand,
Shall keep our hero, Thomas Paine!”

THE END.

THOMAS PAINÉ,

THE APOSTLE

OF

Religious and Political Liberty.

BY

JOHN E. REMSBURG.

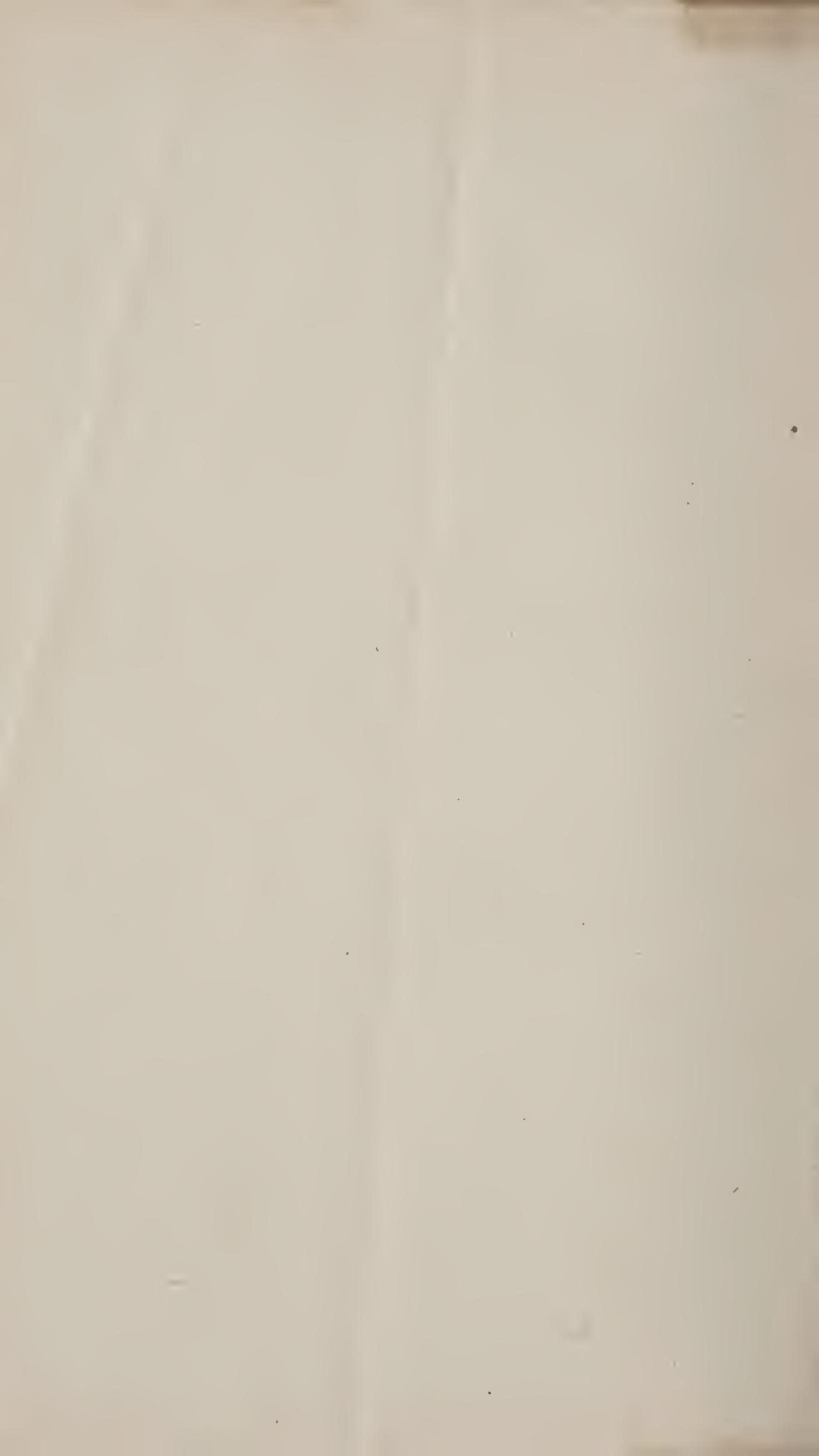
"Cursed by the past, blessed by the future."

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY J. P. MENDUM,
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APPLETON STREET.

1880.



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